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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 577

EDITORIALS
- Planes for the Pacific 579
- The Annual Wage 580
- Save the FSA! 581

ARTICLES
- Peace—the Culbertson System *by Louis Fischer* 582
- 25 Years Ago in *The Nation* 586
- Relaxing Too Soon *by I. F. Stone* 587
- India's Fighting Men *by Colin S. Maclaren* 588
- In the Wind 590

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*
- More than Expediency *by A. del V.* 591
- Dr. Goebbels Loses Sweden *by Kurt Bernheim* 592
- Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus* 593

BOOKS AND THE ARTS
- The Limitations of Dickens *by Henry James* 595
- "Henry James Place" *by Morton Dauwen Zabel* 596
- Notes by the Way *by Margaret Marshall* 599
- The Lower Depths *by Lionel Trilling* 602
- Mr. Willkie's Two Odysseys *by Reinhold Niebuhr* 604
- The Growth of Cities *by Albert Guérard* 606
- Welcome, Stranger! *by H. P. Lazarus* 608
- "Manners, Morals, and Mistakes" *by Louis Filler* 608
- Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling* 609
- Music *by B. H. Haggin* 611

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 10 *by Jack Barrett* 612

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The Shape of Things

ACCUSTOMED AS OUR STATE DEPARTMENT is to rebuffs from dictators whose favor it seeks, its humiliation this week must be acute. The mightiest nation on earth has taken many an insult from the battered hero of Vichy, and it is regularly kicked by the propped-up knight of Spain, but to be soundly rebuked by the petty tyrant of a colonial isle—this is surely the dregs of the cup. What makes especially bitter the scolding administered to our diplomats by Admiral Robert, High Commissioner of Martinique, is the essential truth of his argument. Addressing his remarks to a reporter for the Associated Press rather than to the American government, Robert explained why he was loath to join the United Nations: "The manner in which the French who believed that the moment had come to join the United Nations have been treated by the Allies only confirms me each day in my prudence." Touché! From any decent viewpoint toward the war and toward fascism itself, Admiral Robert's conduct has been notorious, and the motives behind his present proposal are no more above suspicion than were Darlan's when he turned on Hitler. But as one De Gaullist spokesman pointed out, he has put "the whole French situation in a nutshell." The price of Robert's support of the United Nations, involving French gold reserves estimated in the hundreds of millions of dollars and a number of immobilized French warships, is threefold: it must not "mean the necessity of rebellion against the French government"; the Allies must permit the "French who are fighting—instead of constituting two factions, one dominated by Britain and the other by the American government—to form a unity under one single authority vested with sovereign rights"; and, third, the integrity of the French Antilles must be guaranteed.

*

ON CLOSE EXAMINATION, THESE DEMANDS square remarkably with those of General de Gaulle. Clarifying somewhat his ambiguous point about "rebellion," the Admiral remarked that he owed his post to the pre-armistice government of France. In other words, he suggests a belated allegiance to the Republic rather than to any supreme military authority that might be assumed by an individual general. This is the crux of the difference between De Gaulle and Giraud. The Fighting French want a provisional administrative authority in

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which the underground parties of metropolitan France have a part, an authority which can represent the sovereignty of France among the United Nations both in the conduct of the war and at the peace table. Giraud, on the other hand, wants only a central council of limited powers and composed only of colonial officials. He would have supreme authority vested in the commander-in-chief—himself presumably—until the liberation of France permits an election. Robert knows that the American government strongly favors the Giraud scheme, and his very antipathy toward the United States—he has never disguised it—appears to be driving him toward the De Gaullist camp. The Fighting French may understandably chuckle over his attempt to by-pass Giraud entirely in his flight from Vichy, but as one of their London spokesmen put it, "Robert is thoroughly impregnated with the Vichy spirit, and therefore it is not possible for the Fighting French to believe in his good faith." Robert, in short, has waited too long. Trusted by no one, he would seem to be hoist with his own Pétain.

*

THE SAN SEBASTIAN RADIO PROVIDES A perfect commentary on signs of renewed Anglo-American attempts to appease Franco. While Prime Minister Churchill is entertained at the Spanish embassy in London and our General Clark is the guest of the High Commissioner in Spanish Morocco, the San Sebastian radio announces that another contingent of the Spanish Blue Division has arrived on the Leningrad front "to relieve their comrades." We can imagine the reaction of American public opinion if a contingent of Russian troops appeared in the Southwest Pacific to help the Japanese. Spain is fighting our Soviet ally—and we are going out of our way to send supplies to it and to curry favor with its fascist government. The Western powers are guilty of a great want of sense, or at the least of a great want of tact. For past experience has shown that Spain acts in friendly fashion to the Western powers only when threatened with loss of supplies and that it takes appeasement as a sign of weakness and an invitation to ask for more favors from the United States and Britain. Can one wonder that the Kremlin is suspicious when Churchill goes to the Spanish embassy for lunch, taking with him the Chief of the Imperial Staff and the permanent head of the Foreign Office?

*

REPORTS OF HEAVY CIVILIAN CASUALTIES IN German-occupied countries, as the result of raids by the American Army Air Force, have led to criticisms in the British press of the policy of high-level daylight bombing. Claiming that the dispersal of bombs from a great height makes accuracy impossible, the weekly *Tribune* asks: "Are raids against towns inhabited by friendly people really contributing to softening up the Continent for invasion or merely hardening the people against what must seem the ruthless unconcern of an ally for the suffering people who are not the real enemy?" The *New Statesman and Nation* points out that the R. A. F. has hitherto taken particular care to hit only definite military objectives in occupied countries—mostly by using low-flying tactics—but that now the Axis propagandists are able to publish "uncontradicted stories of useless destruction and ghastly casualties" as the result of American daylight raids on such cities as Rouen and Antwerp.

*

THE FACT THAT THESE STORIES, DISPENSED by Axis forces, have not been contradicted does not mean, however, that they are true. Now that they are experiencing the horrors of aerial bombardment, the Nazis have suddenly become concerned about its inhumanity and are conducting a campaign in neutral countries for an agreement outlawing the bombing of cities. Naturally, they stress casualties among the inhabitants of the conquered countries, as these evoke the most sympathy. But although there is no way of checking the figures they give out, we are not prepared to accept them as accurate or to believe German assertions that the industrial damage in these raids is negligible. That strategic bombing, whether by day or night, whether of occupied countries or of Germany itself (with its millions of imported slaves), does bring death to many innocents is undeniable. But its abandonment would certainly prolong the war and thus make the total sum of suffering still more appalling.

*

DONALD M. NELSON, CHAIRMAN OF WPB, has sought to head off passage of the Maloney bill by appointing Arthur D. Whiteside of Dun and Bradstreet as vice-chairman in charge of civilian requirements. The Maloney bill would set up civilian supply as an independent agency able to press equally with army, navy, and lend-lease for the materials needed for essential civilian use. Joseph L. Weiner, who has been head of the division of civilian supply since Leon Henderson's retirement, believes only an independent agency can deal adequately and efficiently with civilian problems. Weiner's record in civilian supply under Henderson and since commands respect; he has been one of the ablest and most courageous New Dealers in the war-production set-up. He was one of the first to press for conversion of civilian industry to war and one of the first to make the public aware of the importance of adequate civilian supply in the war program. The danger, as indicated in our Washington letter this week, is that the need for adequate civilian supplies will be made the excuse for resuming business as usual and that profits rather than need will determine civilian production. There seems to us much

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more danger of that under Nelson and Whiteside than under an independent agency headed by a public official instead of a dollar-a-year man.

*

JESSE JONES, CUSTODIAN OF THE BIGGEST money bag in history, seems possessed of an arrogance that matches his vast financial power. The Byrd committee has discovered that the Federal Loan Administrator, who directs a mushroom growth of government corporations growing out of the RFC, has refused to submit their records to an audit by the General Accounting Office. As extraordinary as Jones's attitude is the meek silence of the otherwise all-powerful accounting office. Lindsay Warren, Comptroller General of the United States, testified that the request for an audit was made of Jones in 1938 and refused. There was a time when the GAO by public statements could overawe the entire New Deal, but Warren has kept silent until now about Jones's affront to the power of his office. Since 1938 the financial resources of the RFC and the other corporations under Jones have grown enormously, and with them has grown the possibility of their abuse or mishandling. We hope the Byrd committee will insist on an audit of these billions—a much more important task than the petty penny-pinching in which it has engaged in the past. Jones has it in his power by financial favors to make the fortunes of his friends and ruin his enemies. He ought not to be allowed to exercise this power free from check. Does he fear an audit?

*

WUXTREE! WUXTREE! READ ALL ABOUT IT. Big Nazi Plot Uncovered by Dies Committee. In a special report to Congress, delayed for five months to make sure of all the facts, Martin "Scoops" Dies has revealed that even before 1938 Adolf Hitler's sympathizers in this country were bent on spreading Nazism. This bombshell should satisfy carping critics who think the Dies committee has been spending all its time putting the finger on New Dealers, technocrats, and nudists. The report fearlessly indicts members of the German embassy and consular staffs "who were not performing their legitimate functions but instead were engaging in espionage and propaganda activities." And it names names. Did you know that the German Library of Information was pro-Nazi even in 1938? And the German-American Bund? And even George Sylvester Viereck? The diplomatic agents have long since flown the coop and the various bunds have been dissolved, but it's good to know that Martin Dies is wise to their tricks—even if it did take him five years and a quarter of a million dollars in appropriations. Maybe his current effort to have thirty-nine government employees boiled in oil without so much as a hearing is just a blind behind which he gathers evidence that will incontrovertibly link Count von Bernstorff's activities with the late Kaiser.

IF WE WERE DETERMINED TO INCREASE THE fame and sales of a given book we should begin by attacking it, long before it was scheduled to appear, as a book that ought to be suppressed—preferably in the names of you know which of our "great allies." We should keep up the attack to the very day of publication by means of memoranda to the publishers and any book club that planned to distribute it. To each memorandum we should append the mimeographed copy of a letter of resignation-in-protest sent to the book club by one of its tens of thousands of members. Above all we should take care not to read the volume; so that if the book-club management, in an attempt to trap us, sent us a telegram asking whether the removal of a certain (non-existent) chapter would satisfy us, we could prove our innocence by answering that other passages were equally objectionable. By these tactics we might make fools of ourselves—but that is a sacrifice often undergone by publicity experts; and we could be pretty sure that just before the day of publication the New York *Times* and several other papers with large circulations would print a lengthy account of the attempt to suppress a novel entitled "The Fifth Seal" by Mark Aldanov, an author hitherto practically unheard of.

Planes for the Pacific

ARE the Japanese about to launch an overwhelming offensive in the Southwest Pacific? Is Australia really in deadly peril of invasion? Recent dispatches from "down under" suggest fears in both military and civilian circles that these questions may shortly be answered in the affirmative. There are reports that the Japanese have concentrated 200,000 men and a proportionate number of planes on fortified islands within easy reach of northern Australia, and the presence of large enemy naval forces at Truk, within three days' steaming of New Guinea, has been stressed. Great emphasis has been given to a recent increase in Japanese air activity, manifested by attacks on Allied bases. In all cases these raids have been beaten off decisively, with the enemy losing at least five planes to our one. Yet it is suggested that our loss of superiority in the air may be imminent unless large reinforcements are sent to the Southwest Pacific theater.

Naturally, alarming reports of this nature have been eagerly seized upon by opponents of the Administration. Neglect of the Pacific has long been a favorite theme with the Hearst-McCormick press, and the dispatches from Australia are now being manufactured into ammunition for an almost daily editorial barrage directed at the Commander-in-Chief. The promoters of this campaign are, admittedly, in the very advantageous position of being able to play a two-way bet with a high degree of

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safety. If more planes are not sent to the Pacific and their dire predictions are justified by events, they can say, "We told you so." If, on the other hand, the Japanese offensive is a flop, they will be able to hail another MacArthur miracle achieved with inadequate means and no thanks to the Administration.

In actual fact, it appears unlikely that the resources being made available to our forces in the western Pacific are inadequate to the tasks which have been assigned to them. Last month high-ranking officers representing both General MacArthur and Admiral Halsey were called to Washington for conferences with the joint general staffs. It is reasonable to assume that the grand strategy settled upon at the Casablanca conference was explained to them and that they were told they must hold the line against the Japanese until victory in Europe released forces for a grand offensive against Tokyo.

Lieutenant General George Kenney, MacArthur's air commander, when he was in Washington did not disguise the fact that he hoped to get a lot more planes, and apparently he returned disappointed. He said recently, "We are forced to shoot down four or five to one to keep the score straight," and added that he would like a five-to-one superiority in planes over the enemy. What commander would not? Unhappily, we are not yet able to supply this degree of air supremacy in any theater of the war.

No doubt MacArthur is dissatisfied with a mere holding role and impatiently awaits the day when he can undertake a full-scale offensive. But that does not excuse an attempt to obtain a revision of Washington decisions by means of pressure tactics. An intolerable situation would raise if subordinate commanders, however distinguished, were encouraged to back their claims by promoting public clamor, and the only surprising thing about the Secretary of War's rebuke, in this instance, was its extreme mildness. Noting the demand for more planes from Australia, Mr. Stimson said: "We have had similar pleas from all parts of the world. It is common for all vigorous and alert commanders to seek more equipment. The combined chiefs of staff are responsible for the control of over-all requirements. They must study the whole global military situation." At the same time he promised that the Australian theater would be sent sufficient planes to replace losses and to counter the increasing strength of the enemy—a promise which, we imagine, is neither more nor less than that given before the present agitation arose.

Behind this extremely unfortunate controversy lies not only the old argument between the Pacific and European schools of strategy but the still older problem of army-navy rivalry. It is an unhappy fact that the division of responsibilities in the western Pacific between Admiral Halsey and General MacArthur represents a difference in strategic conceptions as well as an inconvenient geographical line. And "unity of command" is no sovereign remedy for this situation, since it seems unlikely that MacArthur would consent to serve under the navy or that the navy would be willing to subordinate itself to MacArthur. The tension between the two was illustrated by the general's sharp reaction to Secretary Knox's statement that an attack on Australia would require a "tremendous sea force and there is no indication of a concentration pointing to that." Permitting direct quotation, MacArthur retorted that there were, in fact, powerful Japanese forces within striking distance of Australia which could be held off only by Allied retention of command of the skies. "The Allied naval forces," he went on, "can be counted upon to play their own magnificent part, but the battle of the western Pacific will be won or lost by the proper application of the ground-air team."

General MacArthur has properly not forgotten his promise to liberate the Philippines, and his statement suggests a belief that "island-hopping" is the way to achieve the task. The navy, on the other hand, has discarded the island-hopping theory, and it sees its primary task as the destruction of Japanese sea power, for once this is accomplished, Japan's innumerable scattered island outposts must fall for lack of sustenance. Instead of building up an air-ground team, the navy would allot the major role in victory to an air-sea team. So we have competition for air power between the two services in the Pacific as well as between the Pacific and Atlantic theaters. The final responsibility for deciding between these conflicting claims is that of the Commander-in-Chief. It is a heavy burden, and he may justly ask that its weight be not increased by irresponsible propaganda either in Congress or the press.

The Annual Wage

AS A possible compromise in the increasingly threatening controversy over coal wages, Dr. John R. Steelman, director of the United States Conciliation Service, has proposed that the miners be guaranteed six days' work a week throughout the coming year. This guaranty would give the miners a somewhat higher annual income than they can expect from the requested $2-a-day increase, but since there would be no change in basic wages rates, it would not violate the President's hold-the-line anti-inflation order. Moreover, it would not greatly increase the operators' costs of production, and therefore should not result in a higher price for coal. What would actually happen is that a smaller number of miners—smaller because of the effects of the draft—would be enabled to produce an increased quantity of coal to meet the country's expanded needs; and these miners would be guaranteed a living wage in exchange for work done.

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This highly practical solution of the wage dispute was rejected, on its initial presentation by Mr. Steelman, by both the Northern and Southern operators. The rejection, if we are to judge by a highly partisan editorial in the New York *Times,* was primarily motivated by an unwillingness to give Mr. Lewis anything that he asks for; but there was also fear that if the annual wage were granted as a war-time measure it might create a precedent that would be carried over after the war. The pre-war average number of working days in the soft-coal mines, the *Times* reminds us, was only 182 days, while the government is proposing a 312-day year. It then asks: "Where would the market be" for the additional coal produced in the 130 days of extra work? That is not, of course, an issue today, and we shall assume that the six-day week will not be retained after the war. But the question is valuable in calling attention to the problem of intermittent employment, which has always been one of the curses of the coal-mining industry. In the past the operators have made little effort to put the industry on a sound basis because the miners have had to bear almost the entire burden of the seasonal irregularities in demand. If the principle of the guaranteed annual wage were accepted as a permanent policy, there is reason to believe that management would find a way to distribute output more evenly throughout the year.

The *Times* is also disturbed lest organized labor—unhappy over the WLB's refusal to adjust existing "inequalities" in wage rates—launch a general campaign for guaranteed annual wages in other industries as well as coal. It complains that that would constitute an invasion of the President's hold-the-line order. This is sheer economic nonsense. The increased pay that workers get through more regular employment is not and cannot be inflationary because it is balanced by additional production. Since increased production must be our national goal both today and in the post-war period, no development could be more healthy than the growing acceptance of the principle of a guaranteed annual income for wage-workers.

Save the FSA!

THE long-standing fight of the big farmers to put the Farm Security Administration out of existence came within an ace of succeeding last week. On the recommendation of a subcommittee, the House Appropriations Committee cut off all funds for the FSA in the agricultural appropriation bill for 1943-44 and sought to kill the agency by transferring its functions to the Farm Credit Administration. An effort was then made to railroad the bill through the House without debate, but the Rules Committee temporarily blocked this move by refusing to grant a closed rule on the measure. A bitter debate developed on the House floor, in which the farm bloc, long antagonistic to the Farm Security Administration, met with a rebuff in its attempt to kill the agency outright but succeeded in crippling it by cutting off its funds.

Readers of *The Nation* do not need to be told that the FSA has made an enviable record in its endeavor to rehabilitate the most promising among America's landless farmers, who number more than five million. Although the number of individuals who have been able to acquire land through the FSA program has been necessarily small because of the lack of adequate appropriations, there is much evidence to demonstrate the agency's success in general agricultural rehabilitation.

The farmers who are buying land through the FSA have become more stable citizens; they have taken more interest in community affairs than they formerly did; and their children have been attending school more regularly. But of particular significance at the moment is the fact that they have been producing much more food than previously. In Montana we find that FSA borrowers accounted for 95 per cent of the state's increase in milk production during 1942, and for 20 per cent of its increase in egg production. Beef production for the state as a whole rose 44 per cent; among FSA farmers it rose 70 per cent. In the country as a whole Farm Security borrowers, representing 7.6 per cent of the country's farms, were responsible for more than one-third of the 1942 increase in the output of milk and 10 per cent of the rise in chicken and egg production. Livestock production throughout the United States was 8 per cent higher in 1940 than the 1936-39 average; among FSA borrowers it was 43 per cent higher.

This is an impressive record. It is particularly significant because the FSA farmers are without exception small farmers. For this reason it might seem that their capacity for expanding food production would be more limited than that of the large producers who dominate the Farm Bureau Federation. But experience has shown that the small farmer is more responsive to the financial and managerial assistance provided by the government than any other group.

If Congress is sincere in its alarm over the threatened shortage of farm labor it should take steps to increase the FSA appropriation instead of threatening to eliminate it altogether, for the FSA has shown over a period of years that through small, supervised loans it can increase production substantially without drawing further on man-power supply. It has done this during the years when its objective was not quick production but general agricultural rehabilitation. Today, with a change in emphasis and extended service, the Farm Security Administration offers our greatest opportunity for an increased food output in 1943. Congress must not be allowed to kill it.

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Peace—the Culbertson System

BY LOUIS FISCHER

PRECEDED by much high-pressure promotion, Ely Culbertson, bridge expert, has launched a plan for world federation. To me the most interesting thing about the plan is that intelligent persons like Dorothy Thompson, Frederick L. Schuman, and Max Eastman appear to have fallen for it. The Culbertson scheme is, I think, among the least valuable and most deceptive contributions to our fast-growing peace literature. It is unrealistic and reactionary.

As outlined in Culbertson's sixty-four-page "Summary of the World Federation Plan" and in an earlier, slightly dissimilar publication entitled "A System to Win the War and to Win the Peace to Come," the plan is simple. During this war if possible, later if necessary, the eleven regions into which it divides the world are to be organized in a world federation. The scheme can start functioning when any two regions unite. Each regional organization is supposed to serve as "a cohesive force for the membership states composing it." A world police will guard the peace.

The eleven regions are (1) the Japanese, led by Japan and including "sovereign" Korea; (2) the Chinese, consisting of China, to which Culbertson blithely gives Hongkong and Shanghai as "free trade zones," Manchuria, Japanese Formosa, Tibet, and Mohammedan Sinkiang (Turkestan); (3) the Russian, consisting of the Soviet Union, which obtains Estonia, Latvia (but not Lithuania), Bessarabia, "a strategic frontier with Finland," part of the Polish Ukraine ("subject to plebiscite"), and the provinces taken from Russia by Turkey under the terms of the 1918 Brest-Litovsk treaty; (4) the Middle European, including Lithuania, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece, and Albania, which are all expected to live peacefully together under the leadership of Poland; (5) the North European federation, with Germany as leader, and including Holland, Austria, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland, plus the Belgian Congo, Portuguese Angola in West Africa, and the southern Sudan, which are thrown into this German family as special step-children; (6) the Latin European, under French leadership, whose other members are Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Belgium; (7) the British, consisting of the United Kingdom and the British dominions and Eire and enlarged by the annexation of Portuguese Mozambique, French Djibouti, Ethiopia, "and the rest of Italian East Africa"; (8) the Middle Eastern region, in which Turkey will lead Persia, Iraq, Syria, Palestine, Arabia, Afghanistan, and Egypt; (9) the American federation, led by the United States and comprising in addition all the Latin American republics. Non-American countries must give up their American possessions to America. The tenth and eleventh regions are so-called federations which have no independence: India, under British control, and the Malaysian federation, a protectorate of the United States. The Malaysian federation (capital Manila) embraces the Philippines, all the Dutch East Indies, Thailand, the many Pacific islands, and French Indo-China.

What a nice mess all this will make!

SECURITY A LA CULBERTSON

The single feature of the Malaysian federation demonstrates the complete folly, and danger, of the plan. Although Culbertson thinks his scheme "offers an adequate substitute for power politics," what would America's domination of Malaysia represent but the worst kind of power politics plus a new, far-flung American imperialism?

Culbertson likes to throw around words like "sovereign" and "non-imperialistic." They cost nothing; they may delude some innocents abroad; but they also change nothing. When you call imperialism "non-imperialistic" it smells just as bad.

Culbertson convicts himself. "In the Netherlands East Indies," he writes, "the Netherlands shall retain her essential sovereign rights, except the right to maintain military or air-naval bases." Who will maintain those bases? The United States, of course. Why? For these reasons:

> It would be suicidal for the United States to allow any other power to obtain military lodgement in any part of these key territories. Already the cost to us of the Marshall and Caroline Islands, so magnanimously handed over to Japan after the First World War, is staggering. If the Netherlands were permitted to keep its own bases in the eastern Pacific, the future security of the Western Hemisphere might be gravely jeopardized. . . . It follows that in restoring their possessions to the Netherlands and to France [Indo-China] after the war, the United States must, for her own and their sake, retain the military [non-imperialistic] control of these territories by means of leased bases. It would be the height of strategic folly for the Netherlands or France to oppose such an eminently just and reasonable solution of the vital problem of the defense of the East Pacific [obviously]. Nor should England, China, or Russia object to the American Strategic Zone, since each has its

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own Strategic Zone. The establishment of the American Strategic Zone is a matter of vital necessity to the United States, and *must be accomplished regardless of whether or not the World Federation is adopted* [italics mine].

So there you have Culbertson, the great world reformer. If you imagined that his World Federation introduced some new principle of world security you were wrong. The plan is based on the ancient imperialist and Hitlerian justice of seizing the maximum territory beyond your frontiers as a sort of protective cushion against attack. Security, therefore, will not be found in a new system of world government, or in a new concept of internationalism, or even in a world police force protecting all countries against all aggressors. No, security, à la Culbertson, lies in colonies, in distant bases, in the military and strategic advantage of one nation over the other. To be sure, only the powerful are thus smiled upon by Culbertson. The United States, the mightiest nation of the world, will defend itself by arming territories thousands of miles from its own shores. Then what about Czecho-Slovakia, or Spain, or Holland, or Italy? Ah, they are too weak to extort these benefits. They will have to look to the World Federation for protection. But America won't be so foolish, or England, or Russia. They get their "strategic zones."

If Culbertson believes in the necessity of protective zones for the major powers his whole world-federation plan is nonsense. You either believe in security through international organization or you don't. Apparently, Ely Culbertson doesn't.

1919 AGAIN

Stripped of its 1943 dress, the Culbertson plan begins to look like the peace of 1919. After the last war the Anglo-French balance of power undertook to preserve the peace. England and France rounded out their empires in Africa by dividing Germany's colonies between them, Britain cushioned its Indian empire with Iraq and Palestine; France got Syria (gentlemen like Culbertson called it a "mandate") and also created a strategic zone in Europe by forging a chain of satellites—Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and so forth. It looked wonderful. Germany was in a state of military and economic collapse and under foreign supervision. Who could defy the Anglo-French combination? As a superstructure upon this combination, a world federation was erected—the League of Nations. Not everybody joined? But Culbertson foresees that not everybody may join his federation. He would go ahead nevertheless. The League of Nations was always dominated by France and/or England. Yet the League failed, and the Anglo-French balance of power failed to maintain peace or to protect England and France from aggression; any combination of powers sooner or later is challenged by a rival combination.

It may be objected that the League of Nations failed because America did not participate, whereas we are expected to be a mainstay of the Culbertson federation. America's absence, however, was not the cause of the League's failure. There never was an instance in which France and England, eager to block an aggressor, called on the United States and were refused. On the contrary, in 1932 Secretary of State Stimson urged action in China against Japan; it was Britain that demurred. If England and France had been ready to take adequate measures against Italian aggression in Abyssinia, Washington would have cooperated. The British and French governments lobbied hard to keep us anti-Loyalist toward Spain. If they wanted any help from America in the Czecho-Slovak crisis it was in the direction of appeasing Hitler, not the reverse. No, the League's failure was not due to American abstention. The League failed because it was an instrument of the Anglo-French balance of power. That is what Litvinov was up against, and that is why Russia's adherence in 1934 added little except some good propaganda for peace and some delightful debunking of the appeasers.

The Culbertson federation would be another League of Nations designed to maintain the Anglo-Russian-American balance of power or, if Russia does not join, the Anglo-American balance of power. Vanquished Germany, Japan, and Italy would be compelled to take membership. The lesser powers, Culbertson hopes, would string along. But the post-Versailles balance of power was upset by Germany's economic recuperation, the emergence of the airplane as a decisive military weapon, and the internal decay of France and the British Empire. Who can guarantee that even an Anglo-Russian-American coalition, which today seems as unbeatable as the Anglo-French coalition seemed in 1919, will not be upset by defections and new combinations of power, or by new economic and logistic conditions?

Culbertson's plan creates a paradise for the major powers. With a few exceptions all the territorial changes he advocates are to the benefit of Russia, China, America, and Britain. He trusts that this will induce the giants to join. But how will the rest of the nations feel? Moreover, there is no rhyme or reason in most of his territorial shifts. Culbertson writes not a single word, for instance, in explanation of the transfer of the Congo from Belgium to Germany. Nor does he honor us with the reasons for giving Estonia and Latvia but not Lithuania to Russia.

At this very moment White House and Downing Street brows are knit over the map of Europe, endeavoring to deal with Russia's claims to the Baltic states and eastern Poland. It seems to be a baffling problem. But the statesmen should be told that Culbertson has already solved it. He has assigned two of the three Baltic countries to Moscow and decreed a plebiscite for eastern Poland. But why not give Latvia and Lithuania instead of Latvia and Estonia to Russia? It makes just as much

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sense. And maybe Russia doesn't want a plebiscite in eastern Poland. Russia insists on its right to eastern Poland now, before a plebiscite can be held. Maybe Poland doesn't want a plebiscite. Maybe everybody knows that plebiscites are usually unfair.

It looks as if Mr. Culbertson had retired into his modernistic study with a pack of cards marked with the names of countries and started playing solitaire. When the "Latvia" card turned up he placed it on top of "Russia," and "Estonia" on top of that, but "Lithuania" went into a separate pile. "Congo" he put on top of "Belgium," but then "Germany," the jack, faced him; so he took the "Congo" queen from the "Belgium" pile and used it to cover "Germany." That is all very nice, but it has nothing to do with the complicated reality of world affairs. Culbertson should quit playing solitaire and go back to bridge.

I should like to linger over many pleasant questions raised by Culbertson's plan. Will the British, for instance, cede Hongkong to China? Will Turkey present Kars, Erzerum, and Ardagan to Russia? Would not England after the war be more prosperous with India free? Would the United States allow a sealed Canadian highway through New York State to New York harbor under Canadian political control, or would only Russia obtain such a right from Persia? But I must rush on, now, to the *pièce de résistance* on the Culbertson menu, the "quota-force principle" for the organization of a world police.

PEACE THROUGH ARITHMETIC

The Culbertson World Federation, when permanently organized, will have a World President elected for a term of six years (the first President is to be an American, the second a Britisher, but the third is not scheduled to be a Russian), a legislative branch consisting of two houses, a "World Equity Court," and many officials. "The manufacture, transportation, and possession of heavy weapons shall be the monopoly of the World Federation." Heavy weapons are military planes, tanks, heavy guns, and warships. No private person or company and no national government will be permitted to own or make such weapons or to own or operate factories making them. All such factories, everywhere in the world, will be the property of the federation, which will run them. I am sure the Soviet government would not submit to this,

"ARE YOU QUITE SURE THIS IS THE SOVIET DELEGATE?"

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and I doubt whether the British or American governments would. It would be interesting to calculate how much control the World Government would exercise over the various national economies if this provision could be implemented.

"The World Police Force (army, navy, and air forces) shall be the only force in the world which is armed with heavy weapons." It will consist of eleven national contingents and one international contingent, or "Mobile Corps," all financed by the World Government. The eleven national contingents will be stationed in the eleven leader or "initiating" states of the federation and will consist of citizens of those states. The eleven leader states are the United States, Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany, Poland, Turkey, China, Japan, India, whose contingent will be under British command, and Malaysia, whose force will be under American command. No other states will have armies equipped with heavy weapons. Thus in the Germanic regional federation only Germany will possess a real army and manufacture heavy weapons; in the Latin European region only France, not Italy, Spain, Belgium, or Portugal; and in the Middle European region only Poland, not Lithuania, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece, or Albania. Imagine how the non-leader states will take that!

The international Mobile Corps will be composed of regiments recruited in other than leader states. It "shall be stationed in strategically located islands purchased by the government of the World Federation and in leased bases in the Two-Way States." The two-way states are Switzerland, Luxembourg, Armenia, Austria, Danzig, the Sudetenland, and perhaps others which may belong to two regional federations at one time.

Now each of these twelve armies will have a quota strength which represents its percentage of the total World Police force. The United States gets 20 per cent of the World Police plus 2 per cent in Malaysia; Britain 15 per cent plus 4 per cent in India; Russia 15 per cent; France, Germany, Poland, Turkey, and China 4 per cent each; and Japan 2 per cent. That adds up to 78 per cent. The Mobile Corps has the remaining 22 per cent of the World Police.

The heavy arms for each national contingent would be manufactured in the countries where the contingents are stationed and in amounts proportioned to their size. Thus 22 per cent of the world's heavy arms would be produced in the United States, 19 per cent in Britain, 15 per cent in Russia, 2 per cent in Japan, and so forth, while the 22 per cent for the Mobile Corps would be produced in non-leader countries—like Czecho-Slovakia, Argentina, Persia, and others.

In time of peace each national contingent is subject to the orders of its national government. But if war breaks out, the national contingent "becomes automatically, and without the necessity of approval by the Initiating State, a part of the World Police, under the command of the President of the World Federation, and at the disposal of the World Federation government." The World Government may send the American or Russian or Chinese army wherever it sees fit.

Now where are we? Says Culbertson: Let us suppose that the United States, England, and Germany unite to conquer the world. They defy the World Government. Together, the three of them have 45 per cent of the well-armed forces of the universe. But the World Police has the remaining 55 per cent. Ergo, the American-British-German aggressors will be defeated. Suppose, he continues, a league of Communist states springs up, consisting of Russia, Japan, China, Poland, Germany, and France. Together they have 33 per cent of the world's armies. The federation opposes them with 67 per cent. Suppose Russia alone attacks China. Russia has 15 per cent; China its own 4 per cent, plus the Mobile Corps's 22 per cent, plus the national contingents of America, England, and the others, which will immediately march to China's aid.

On paper this seems perfect. Indeed, Bertrand Russell, the great English mathematician, was called in by Culbertson to check all these calculations, and I understand that he finally gave his verdict that 67 is more than 33, and 55 more than 45. I myself have deliberated long over this question, and I too am compelled to admit that a large number is larger than a small number. That vitally affects the price of cheese, but its direct influence on world peace is not so clear. For mathematics is not the soul of politics.

BUT WHAT ABOUT GEOGRAPHY?

Mr. Culbertson, at home in New York, has forgotten at least one little item, geography. The United States, with 22 per cent of world armaments, attacks Mexico with none. What happens? The Mobile Corps (22 per cent), stationed in Switzerland, Armenia, Austria, and where not, and consisting of assorted Iraqi, Lithuanians, Czechs, Brazilians, Cubans, and Persians, throws itself at America, and very soon the Russian, Chinese, and British contingents, not to speak of the Polish and Turkish and Japanese armies, will speed across the Pacific and the Atlantic to save Mexico. Poor Mexico! Poor Mexico, World Federation or not. Of course! Then what has changed? Or suppose Russia, with 15 per cent, attacks Persia with none. You either have appeasement or a world war.

But it is really unnecessary for me to prove that the quota-force principle will not work, its mathematical perfection nothwithstanding. Culbertson proves it. He writes: "The question may be raised, What is to prevent a leading nation from seizing control of its National Contingent to use it for purposes of conquest, or to pre-

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vent its constitutional use by the World Federation?" Yes, that is a good question, the key question. How can we be sure that the United States or Russia or Germany will not use the national contingent stationed on its soil, and consisting of its citizens, to attack a foreign nation? And how can we be sure, when the World Government calls, say, the British contingent to fight France, that the British government will let it go? What is Culbertson's answer? It is ludicrous. "It is highly improbable," he wishfully thinks, "that any government could thus seize control of its National Contingent." Why? Because, he says, the officers and men have been recruited to serve the World Government, and for them to refuse to do this or consent to serve their own country in aggression "automatically constitutes an act of rebellion, for which they can be shot in disgrace." That is, if the Soviet contingent takes orders from the Kremlin and invades Finland, it will be in "rebellion," and the Red soldiers will be shot "in disgrace." By whom, pray? Is Culbertson really so naive?

As to a national government engaging in aggression, he proceeds, "Something akin to a revolutionary conspiracy would be required for it deliberately to break the solemn pact of defensive alliance which binds member states together, and thus become an aggressor against the World Federation." In other words, it would be very naughty to become an aggressor, and no nation ought to be so mean and nasty. "Any attempt at conquest," furthermore, "would create a divided public opinion within the country, and a divided National Contingent." Culbertson is suggesting that the American contingent or the German contingent would be so loyal to the World Government that it would refuse to obey its own government. And this bunk has been hailed as "a workable solution"!

Let us turn all this around. If Culbertson is so sure that no nation will engage in aggression, and that all nations will cooperate with the World Federation, why does he need the national contingents? Maybe just a Mobile Corps would suffice. Maybe all you need is general disarmament and a limited police force.

Actually, Culbertson admits by implication that under his plan peace will be at the mercy of the big powers, to whom he panders and who have the arms and the factories. His peace plan depends on the good-will and desires of the great nations. Peace always has. He has devised no way of inducing or compelling the mighty not to use their might.

Culbertson is tinkering with the status quo, trying to juggle it around, to repair it and patch it, and then to build modernistic edifices upon it. To change the metaphor, he is dealing the old cards. He almost makes you think—if you don't watch closely—that the cards are new. But they are old, and the deal is old.

25 Years Ago in "The Nation"

DAYLIGHT SAVING was established in the United States on March 31 at 2 a. m. . . . Our interference with our clocks leads one to wonder whether we could not go on and fool ourselves a little more. . . . If a false clock can make us rise early, a false calendar may banish spring fever. Kant has said, at some length, that our time is our own.—*April 4, 1918.*

RATIFICATION of the federal prohibition amendment by Massachusetts makes its adoption morally certain. When Maryland, Delaware, and the Bay State swing into line, and New York holds out only after the utmost efforts of her anti-prohibition leaders, the end is in sight.—*April 11, 1918.*

WHEN AMERICA entered the war the regular army comprised about 128,000 men, besides which there were some 80,000 of the National Guard in the federal service. Now the federal forces number more than 1,600,000 men. . . . The need for immediate production of cannon or shells has been obviated by the fact that France and Great Britain have agreed to furnish these for all American troops arriving in 1917 and 1918, but plans have been laid for future production at home.—*April 11, 1918.*

MOB VIOLENCE against persons suspected of disloyalty is increasing.—*April 11, 1918.*

WAR AND THE DRAMA do not make a happy combination, and the war play has become one of the minor horrors of war. . . . The declining theatrical season is approaching its end amid bursting bombs and perfervid oratory in an orgy of bellicose patriotism as noisy as it is undramatic. . . . More reputable and genuinely American contributions to our war drama earlier in the season were "Efficiency," . . . in which Mr. R. H. Davis and Mr. P. P. Sheehan satirize the spirit of militarism, and "In the Zone," by Eugene O'Neill, with its scene laid in the forecastle of a munitions ship, produced by the Washington Square Players with full justice to its realism and dramatic quality.—*April 11, 1918.*

OCCASIONALLY of late has come news of a weak college suddenly closing its doors in bankruptcy. . . . A large endowment fund is a rock of refuge for some which have lost one-third of their young men; others are seeing as never before the attractiveness of the coeducational principle.—*April 18, 1918.*

GENERAL FOCH has been given the title of Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies operating in France, by the French and British governments, and thus another step has been taken in realizing complete unity of command on the western front.—*April 18, 1918.*

A NEW WORD much affected is "camouflage," generally mispronounced and misunderstood.—*April 25, 1918.*

IT IS OFTEN impossible to tell from the shape of a woman's hat whether she is coming or going.—*April 25, 1918.*

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Relaxing Too Soon

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, April 18

A CURIOUS atmosphere is visible in the world of business. Though we are as yet only ankle-deep in the war, the impression is growing that the job of war production has passed its peak, and that we can now begin to think of a return to greater civilian production. The service-equipment division of the War Production Board has prepared a plan for resuming the manufacture of office machinery. The WPB has issued an order easing its prohibition against the use of steel for non-essential purposes. Manufacturers may use stocks of partially or wholly fabricated steel parts in the production of a wide variety of gadgets ranging from electric hair-curlers to shoe buckles. Trade papers began to talk last fall of the possibility of obtaining materials for renewed civilian output, and the same sort of speculation has now reached the daily press. The financial section of today's New York *Times,* for example, carries no fewer than three articles on the prospect of greater civilian output.

William J. Enright, who covers business circles for the *Times,* says "war agencies intend to start the reconversion of industry to the production of essential civilian goods by the end of the summer." Kenneth L. Austin, who reports on finance and heavy industry, declares New York and Washington are hearing "forecasts that the supply of steel for military, naval, and shipbuilding needs soon will appear to have been more than amply covered, and . . . metal will be available for non-essential civilian needs within the next six months or less." C. F. Hughes, who writes the enlightened and well-informed Merchant's Point of View for the *Times,* reflects widespread opinion at the capital when he says, "In guns, bombs and shells, motor vehicles and tanks we have already produced more than enough for any reasonable requirements of [our] armed forces or those of our allies."

This feeling that the job of war production is in its declining phase has found expression in the ranks of both capital and labor. Walter D. Fuller, president of the Curtis Publishing Company and chairman of the executive committee of the National Association of Manufacturers, said here last week that the country was suffering from overproduction of certain types of war materials. Fuller declared that we had built up a sufficient backlog of weapons to justify more emphasis on civilian needs. Philip Murray, president of the C. I. O., told the Institute of Women's Professional Relations that the United States is confronted with mass unemployment because we have produced more war materials "than the United Nations can use or the United States can transport." He was unwise enough to speak of difficulties created by "a mad desire to expedite war materials."

There are many parts of the earth in which talk of this kind must make painful and puzzling reading. Our men in the Southwest Pacific are not suffering from an excess of supplies. Australia is worried about a possible Japanese offensive. Last year's widely ballyhooed offensive in Burma has subsided, for lack of matériel, into the faintest kind of a nudge. The Chinese, who have done more with less than any of the United Nations, must think us mad. Our French allies in North Africa, from latest reports, are still using outmoded equipment. The Soviet Union, still the only nation fighting Hitler on a major scale, continues to look for a second front, a military enterprise that will require huge amounts of matériel if it is to be successful. Granted that we may be producing more than we need on the present scale of our operations, granted even that in some items we have produced enough for any scale of warfare, is it possible that in the over-all picture we have reached a stage where we can relax and turn back to more normal production?

There is evidence that even on the present scale we are still far from the point where we can begin again to make gadgets. Expansion of steel-making facilities is behind schedule and is being curtailed on the general view that we now have enough steel not only for war but for more civilian output. Yet WPB Chairman Donald M. Nelson said last week that ordinary carbon steel had now become our most serious bottleneck. Production for the third quarter of this year, according to Nelson, will be only about 14,450,000 tons. The demands of our various military and lend-lease agencies and essential civilian supply for that quarter total 20,830,000 tons. There is a deficit of more than 5,000,000 tons, or 25 per cent.

The full significance of those figures becomes more apparent if we recognize that the President's Victory program of January, 1942, has been quietly revised downward not once but several times. "The earlier question of whether we would need eighty billions in war output this year," C. F. Hughes writes, "is on the way to being answered with a flat 'No.'" The phrase "on the way" is an understatement. Except in shipbuilding, even in aircraft, we not only are failing to meet those goals but have reduced them. In this connection I should like to call attention to an authoritative article on the Army Supply Program by Major General Lucius D. Clay

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in the February issue of *Fortune*. Major General Clay is assistant chief of staff for matériel in the General Staff Corps. His article is extraordinarily revealing. It shows how long the War Department waited before drawing up plans for an all-out effort and how soon it relinquished them.

"Immediately after Pearl Harbor," General Clay writes, "the Supply Division of the General Staff recognized the necessity for the revision of the Army Supply Program for all-out war. By early February it had completed the first Army Supply Program for this purpose." The Pearl Harbor mentality seems to have dominated the General Staff as well as the commanding officers in Hawaii. General Clay says this first program "was based on the mobilization rate and the composition of troops deemed desirable at that early stage of war, and it included large quantities of matériel that our allies had ordered or requested the year before." This first program called for $62 billion in supplies "through the calendar year 1943" or $31 billion a year in 1942 and 1943. This was reduced, according to General Clay, to $45 billion in April, 1942. Later it was reduced again, to $38 billion. In November, 1942, it was further reduced—to $31 billion. "For 1943," General Clay reports, "our problems in materials and facilities appear to be solved *—to the extent that objectives have finally been brought within the limit of available supplies and facilities*" (my italics). The production problem was solved by reducing the production program! It is measured by these reduced goals that we now have "overproduction of war material." It is on the basis of these reduced goals that plans for expanding production in steel and other basic materials are being curtailed and the resumption of non-essential production is planned. The monopolies which fought expansion have succeeded in cutting the war effort down to size, and "business as usual" is again raising its head. This is a dangerous tendency, which may yet prove costly in terms of lives.

India's Fighting Men

BY COLIN S. MACLAREN

THE presence of a division of Indian troops in the British Eighth Army and the commendable part it has played in the campaign highlight once more the much-discussed question of India's war effort. The Indian army of today, a component part of the strength of the United Nations, consists of nearly 2,000,000 volunteers. Some say this is a poor figure for a subcontinent of 390,000,000 inhabitants, but if they looked beneath the surface they might wonder that the number was actually so large.

Raising and maintaining an army in India is a radically different problem from what it is in the West. Often the first task is to teach the men a new tongue. There are some twenty-four distinct languages in India, perhaps ten more than are found among the major United Nations. The recruit, when he comes "out of the jungle," usually from some agricultural village, rarely speaks more than his local *bat*, or patois. Before "eating the oath," as the Urdu has it, he must have picked up some Hindustani, India's lingua franca, and to become a candidate for promotion he needs a knowledge of English. This was not the case in the past, but the lack of native words for mechanical processes is making English more necessary. Even the sepoy, the ordinary private, must at least know "Roman Urdu," Hindustani written in English characters, to be of much use in a specialized corps. Without a common language Indian troops would have no means of intercommunication, and it would be very hard to bind them together into a homogeneous group. As it is, a knowledge of Hindustani is far from universal. Gurkhas are clannish and stick to their Gurkhali; Pathans speak Pushtu, and learn Hindustani with reluctance; Madras troops may speak Tamil, Telugu, or some other language—they are, however, more proficient than the average Indian in English.

Another preliminary job is teaching recruits how to dress as soldiers. They have to give up their loin-cloth or loose pajamas and get used to regular trousers, tightly wound puttees, boots, and *pagris* compactly bound in regimental style. The khaki *pagri* must be wound on the head while it is wet, so that it forms a solid headgear that will not disintegrate easily. It takes the place of the piece of cloth loosely wound about the straggly locks of the "jungle-wallah" recruit. Today, as in the last war, Indian soldiers also wear steel helmets, although the Sikhs sometimes request a dispensation from them because their hair is tied on top of the head in a bun.

Most of this early training is attended to by Indian officers holding the "Viceroy's commission," which is traditional in the service. These officers, all of them veterans, are generally the platoon commanders. They form the recruits into small squads and start them on their drill and manual of arms. Six months later the erstwhile

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rookies would hardly be recognized by their own families. Some may be expert riflemen or machine-gunners, others embryo signalers; all are able to make intelligent responses to words of command in English. Once trained, the Indian is one of the best soldiers in the world, cheerful, industrious, reliable, and fatalistic.

Several practical difficulties stand in the way of a larger Indian army. There is the difficulty of getting the equipment for it—much stressed by the government of India. There are also the barriers of caste: religion and tradition in India have usually required that soldiers should be drawn only from the second highest major caste. Whether this tradition could now be radically changed and the army enlarged by the unrestricted inclusion of non-martial castes is a very complicated question.

The records indicate that in the past two years the number of men offering to enlist has been steadily ahead of the number that could be accepted. In 1939 India had an army of 177,000 men, organized for internal security and to defend the frontiers. By March, 1941, half a million more men had been raised. The monthly recruiting rate was then 30,000. In July, 1941, it was 50,000. In May, 1942, 70,000 recruits were enrolled out of a total of 100,000 who offered themselves. In July 75,000 were taken. In spite of the caste difficulties, recruiting has been extended to many classes and many districts not previously represented; more than 50 per cent of the May, 1942, recruits were, in fact, of this new blood. Enlistments in Madras, which has always supplied much of the engineering rank and file, the sappers and miners, have gone ahead at an unusually fast rate, and the training schools for junior officers and N. C. O.'s there have been particularly successful.

In the last war the officer personnel for the Indian army was almost entirely British and was trained chiefly at two temporary war colleges, one at Quetta in the Northwest, the other at Wellington in Madras. A batch of 100 cadets was turned out every six months. The Indian Military Academy today trains British and Indians together and turns out more than 300 officers a month. The officer corps has been Indianized to such an extent that the proportion is roughly seventy British to thirty Indian, or sixty to forty if the Viceroy's commissions are included. And the percentage of Indians is increasing rapidly. The Viceroy's commissions, which in almost all cases have been won on merit by promotion through the ranks, are lower than the second-lieutenant King's commission. But today a large number of Indians are in the higher ranks—lieutenant, captain, major, lieutenant colonel.

I asked a senior Indian officer recently whether Englishmen ever objected to taking commands from him. He replied that only once had such a thing occurred, and the offender was so severely rebuked, not only by the commandant, but by every British officer in the place, that he deeply regretted his action and made most profuse apologies.

This Indianization of the officer corps has led some observers of the political scene in India to the conclusion that the army will become a political force after the war, though it has never been one in the past. A "soldiers' lobby" may develop, unified despite racial differences and possibly 2,000,000 strong, including air-raid wardens and other defense workers. Such a group might be numerically able to dominate any other party. But to the Indian mind any politico-military combination is strange. Even stranger is the recent report that the Japanese have formed an army of Indian ex-prisoners. To think that the Japanese, with their methods and their lack of linguistic and traditional background, could lead Indian troops for long is fantastic to anyone who has ever served with Indians.

In the Indian Air Corps, ten squadrons strong, the personnel, except for a few technical instructors, is entirely Indian. Their main activity so far has been bombing on the Burma front, but fighter squadrons are being formed. The air cadets are now trained in India.

Although the army as a whole has sometimes been carelessly described as consisting of "a few Mohammedans from the Punjab," the proportion of Hindus and Mohammedans is now reported to be almost equal; in fact, the Hindus may be slightly in the majority. The Dogras, high-caste Hindus from the north, have long made the best soldiers in the service, but little has been heard of them outside of India. A national magazine in this country not long ago labeled a photograph of them "Sikhs," although they had shaved their beards, a thing no true Sikh in the Indian service has ever done.

Mechanization, not at all general before the war, has been going on apace. The modern equivalent of the famous Bengal Lancers is a motor corps. Lieutenant Colonel S. R. K. Rajendrasinhji of the Second Royal Lancers, formerly the Bengal Lancers, an officer who won the D. S. O. in Libya, told me when I met him recently in Washington that the troopers of the Indian cavalry had adapted themselves to mechanization with keen zest, realizing that the world required it today. Paratroops also have been trained for the new army.

When one considers that tradition in India has required the soldier to be illiterate, and that even in modern times the Indian sepoy has not concealed his contempt for the *babu,* the native who can read and write, one looks with wonder at all these developments. If I remember rightly, one of the Mogul emperors refused, as a soldier, to learn to read and write. I know that I spent many long hours on pay days during and after the last war in obtaining the "signatures" of the sepoys by means of the thumb impression.

Another serious problem for the Indian army is that of rations. The American religious minorities, the Catho-

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lics and the Jews, have forgone strict observance of their religious dietary laws in order better to serve their country. While every possible provision has been made for them, the heads of their churches have said that in extreme national emergency the dietary laws can be waived. But this cannot be done in India. Religion is too powerful a force, and religious freedom, which the British have always maintained, too deep-rooted. Not only is the cow sacred to the Hindu, and pork unclean to the Mohammedan, but bully beef and Maconochie stew, being in tins, are unacceptable to the Indian soldier, who as a rule requires his meat fresh. Mutton and goatflesh are about the only kinds of meat practicable for rations, but luckily the Indian is not a big meat-eater. His absolute essential is *atta,* Indian flour, from which he makes the flat cakes of unleavened bread that are his staple diet. A problem in transport, however, is posed by his bulky cooking pots, which he must carry everywhere with him. Other things he can hardly be without are *ghee,* or clarified butter, sugar, lentils, and garlic. He drinks tea.

It is useless to deny that the strict observance, under all circumstances, of Indian dietary laws puts a big burden on the quartermaster. But Hindu soldiers have been known to starve to death rather than eat beef, and cartridges greased with pork and beef fat were the spark that touched off the Indian Mutiny.

One Indian custom which has always impressed me is that of *durbar. Durbar,* in English "meeting," is held every week in an Indian regiment, and during it any man may personally make of his commanding officer any request within reason and get a hearing.

Aside from the question of caste, a potent factor against general mobilization of the people for war is their widespread pacifism. According to the "Encyclopedia Britannica," "in the immense population of India the number of men of martial proclivities, or even personal courage, is a very small proportion of the whole." The author of this statement was probably thinking of the *banyas,* the tradespeople of the bazaars, who any Indian of a martial caste will tell you would not fight for anything. But there are also the Jains, whose faith enjoins them from taking life in any form, and who are reputed to carry it to such extremes that they will remove vermin rather than exterminate them, and turn aside from important business if they meet a party of ants crossing their path. Such doctrines are not strictly adhered to by groups that are numerically large in proportion to the whole population, but their general philosophy has exerted some influence over very large numbers.

Sepoys who serve side by side often have similar backgrounds, but a battalion is generally made up of at least four distinct tribes from different sections of the country; Sikhs, Dogras, Punjabi Mohammedans, Pathans, in companies, make a typical battalion. While critics have charged that this system was developed to keep the Indians divided among themselves, in practice it promotes healthy rivalry and is instrumental in making different groups forget their mutual hatreds. Hindu and Mohammedan sepoys, after fighting side by side, respect each other and will cheerfully take orders from each other, a thing they would have believed impossible before entering the service. Is it too much to suggest that this system holds the germ of far wider usefulness?

In the Wind

THE FREE WORLD ASSOCIATION recently planned a public debate on the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill resolution that the United States should cooperate with other nations to enforce peace after the war, but had to call it off because it could not find two isolationists willing to submit their views to debate. Senators Hatch and Ball were to speak for the resolution; Senator Nye, after a great deal of persuasion, consented to speak against it, but no teammate for him could be found. The association then asked him to debate with Senator Ball alone, but he declined. Among those who refused, for one reason or another, were Hamilton Fish, Bennett Clark, Tom Connally, Robert M. La Follette, Burton K. Wheeler, Arthur H. Vandenberg, Robert A. Taft, Kenneth S. Wherry, and Hugh A. Butler.

A NEW YORK RESTAURANT is decorated with a series of mural panels showing dramatic plane flights from 1903 to 1943. The Lindbergh transatlantic flight is missing.

ATLANTA HAS SEVERAL all-white movie theaters, several white theaters that admit Negroes in the gallery, and several all-Negro theaters. The all-Negro film, "Cabin in the Sky," was shown in two lily-white theaters and then left town. Atlanta Negroes may be allowed to see it on a return trip.

FOR THOSE who have been uncertain as to the aims of the United Nations, an anonymous bulletin now being circulated should clarify them. The United Nations, it says, represent the tyranny of "Jewish fascism." . . . Vice-President Wallace's popularity during his recent trip through Mexico led the Sinarchists to claim him as one of their own. His plea for Christian democracy was construed as indorsement of their "New Christian Order."

FESTUNG EUROPA: The guard at Quisling's home has recently been increased to forty-two men. . . . With orders on hand for 30,000 pairs of shoes to be made of wood and paper, a Norwegian factory had to delay production when the Nazis discovered that the paper for the uppers was red, white, and blue. . . . Smoking at street-car stops in Belgium is now *verboten.* Too many German soldiers, innocently waiting for street cars, have had holes burned in their uniforms.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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More than Expediency

NEXT week we shall publish the first of a series of articles analyzing the situation which will present itself to the Allied armies when, after finishing the Tunisian campaign, they invade Hitler's European fortress. It is a very tempting subject and an important one for those who wish to follow the development of events during the coming months. But it carries with it this question: if the great venture of attacking Hitler through his occupied territories is not a purely military operation but also an operation of political warfare, what policy will the United Nations pursue in regard to Europe? When American and British armies land in Sicily, in France, or at some point on the Aegean Sea, will they serve as genuine armies of liberation or will they promote a Europe that is democratic in appearance but profoundly reactionary in essence?

To answer that question, we lack certain important elements of information. Nobody knows exactly what was agreed upon by the President of the United States and Prime Minister Churchill in their tête-à-tête discussions. It is possible that they were so absorbed in the problem of winning the war that they discussed only those immediate and acute issues which threatened the unity of the greater Allied powers. It is possible, on the other hand, that they formulated a program more comprehensive than anyone suspects, one containing general directives for the Allied authorities who will be set up on the European continent.

That aspect of the delicate question confronting us is still a secret, and to speculate about it is a mere waste of time. The only legitimate basis for judging what kind of policy is likely to be followed when the invasion of Europe takes place is found in the policies which have so far been upheld and the situations which have been allowed to develop.

For a time it might well have been thought that the only Allied policy in regard to Europe was the absence of any policy at all. The dearth of initiative, the poverty of imagination, the lack of aggressiveness in the field of political war, the childish and unbelievable rivalries among official agencies seemed to indicate that the tremendous task of recovering from the military unpreparedness of the last ten years had left no time for consideration of the political character of the present war.

Such an interpretation would have been fallacious. A real democratic conception of the war was always missing and is missing today. But the people who apparently decide the major diplomacy of the United Nations have had —and still have—a very clear and concrete political line. Their aims are simple and transparent indeed. From the old Metternich game they inherited only the reactionary point of view—nothing of its shrewdness or subtlety.

Their policy consists in preventing the peoples of Europe, in the name of maintaining order and preserving Christian civilization, from having the last word. It consists in interpreting Article III of the Atlantic Charter, not according to President Roosevelt's reading, but according to the reactionary inclinations of the men who enjoyed the collaboration of Vichy, who preferred Pétain to De Gaulle, who preferred Darlan to De Gaulle, who prefer Giraud to De Gaulle; and who, should Giraud disappear, would support any Peyrouton or Noguès rather than a man who really wants a democratic France.

The key to the whole future situation is to be found in Algiers and in Casablanca. The most important aspect of the disgraceful incident of North Africa is that it was not an accident but the expression and the result of a consistent policy. The facts are there in plain view. The situation in North Africa furnishes the pattern that will be followed in Europe tomorrow.

Repeatedly, an effort has been made to quiet the public uneasiness and indignation in the United Nations by the statement that the policy in North Africa "is temporary in nature and not prejudicial of the future." That declaration in itself contained the principle of retreat. No one who felt very sure about a policy would be inclined to make such a statement. It carried the implication that what has been done in North Africa had nothing to do with the Four Freedoms or the war for democracy. But besides that, it could not maintain itself against the facts. The truth is that the same principle which inspired the deal in North Africa inspired American policy with regard to St. Pierre and Miquelon, Martinique, the Austrian Battalion and the "mistake" about Otto of Hapsburg, relations with Franco, and the conversations in Italy with Marshal Badoglio and similar discredited politicians. We still await a single instance of serious consideration being given to the underground movement, to labor, or to proved anti-fascist groups—the real forces making for a democratic Europe.

No, this policy is more than expediency. It is a true reactionary conspiracy to prevent the possibility of a Europe governed by the people and to establish in Europe puppet governments chosen as security against too sharp a turn to the left. Expediency is the name. Reaction is the substance.

A. DEL V.

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Dr. Goebbels Loses Sweden

BY KURT BERNHEIM

HISTORICALLY, Sweden has always been within Germany's cultural sphere of influence, and until recent years German was the second language of most educated Swedes. That was but natural. The two countries are near neighbors, have long-standing commercial ties, and are closely linked religiously through the Lutheran church. It might be thought, then, that Sweden would offer particularly fertile soil for Nazi cultural propaganda and that during the war, when the country's physical connections with the West have become so tenuous, Goebbels could reap a bumper harvest. The facts, however, indicate that the Swedes have turned the coldest of cold shoulders to every invitation to join the "Nordic circle" and have found a way, in the field of the arts, to give an overwhelming vote of confidence to democracy.

Of fifty-nine moving-picture theaters in Stockholm, twenty-one, during the past few weeks, have been announcing Swedish full-length pictures and thirty-eight, Anglo-American films. In addition to drama by Scandinavian authors, the legitimate theaters have been showing plays by Karel Capek and several Broadway hits, including Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down." Of the ten best-selling novels, five are by Swedish writers and five by foreigners —Pearl Buck, A. J. Cronin, C. S. Forester, Daphne du Maurier, and Marguerite Steen; the non-fiction foreign best-sellers are Howard Smith's "Last Train from Berlin," Gontran de Poncin's "Kabloona," Fritz Thyssen's "I Paid Hitler," Anna Rauschning's "No Retreat," and Prince Starhemberg's "Between Hitler and Mussolini."

In this galaxy of authors the Nazis are conspicuously absent. But it is not because the Swedish producers, publishers, and film distributors receive nothing from Germany; on the contrary, Nazi works pour into their offices. The German Ministry of Propaganda has spared neither effort nor money to crowd out the cultural influence of the Western democracies. A veritable horde of cultural emissaries—officials, writers, movie stars, university professors—has descended upon Sweden. Swedish writers are showered with invitations to the fashionable "Writers' Homes" that have been established in Germany to promote "friendly relations," and representatives of Swedish culture are urged to be guests of honor at conventions of the arts in Germany. Despite the military successes of the Axis, however, the tone of Swedish books and newspapers has been hostile, and occasionally the Nazis have changed from honeyed words to threats.

Nothing has been gained by either method. During the past ten years the only authors living in Germany who have been translated into Swedish are the non-political veteran Hans Carossa, the religious mystic Ina Seidel, the relatively harmless Hans Fallada, and the romanticist Ernst Wiechert, who has been threatened several times with the concentration camp for his heresies. Among works published by reputable Swedish firms the ratio of Nazi German to Anglo-American authors has remained at about one to twenty. Anglo-American supremacy on the film front is even more overwhelming. If the Nazi film producers finally succeed in getting one of their boring products shown in a Swedish theater, it is always quickly withdrawn—the public simply refuses to patronize it. The Nazi propaganda films of the campaigns in Poland and France and the "Ufa" newsreels—with new comments supplied by the Swedish board of censors—satisfy a certain curiosity in the Swedish public, but there can be no question of the audiences' reaction. Their icy silence is broken only by their laughter at the goose-stepping troops, Hitler's hysterical grimaces, or Il Duce's grotesque posturing. On the other hand, British and American films are shown for long periods at first-run theaters; the reserved Swedes have for weeks been breaking into stormy applause at "Mrs. Miniver." Of the younger German playwrights only Bertolt Brecht and Friedrich Wolf—both political refugees—have been represented on the Swedish stage since 1933. This actual boycott of Nazi movies, plays, and literature is not instigated by any "conspiracy," as Nazi observers so frequently complain in their press. When it does not arise from the people's political sympathies, it is the result of the poor quality of Nazi works of art.

More serious than this polite rejection, which can, after all, be excused on the ground that there is no accounting for taste, is the unmistakably anti-Nazi attitude of the Swedish intellectual world. The atrocities committed by the Nazis in occupied Europe, especially in neighboring Norway, are publicly condemned from all Swedish pulpits, and congregations are exhorted to pray for "our tortured brethren of Israel's tribe." "Our people are ready to die for the defense of our democratic institutions," Osten Undén, chancellor of the Swedish universities, said in a radio interview obviously intended for Sweden's powerful neighbor. And there is hardly a prominent Swedish writer or journalist who has not earned a place on the Nazi black list, either through his publications or by signing some anti-Nazi resolution like that directed against Knut Hamsun's political outpourings.

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The Triangle

Two appointments made by Hitler last week were given the customary publicity. Dr. Hans H. Dieckhoff, former German ambassador at Washington, was named the new ambassador to Madrid; Baron Ernst von Weizsäcker, until now Under Secretary in the Berlin Foreign Office and Ribbentrop's right-hand man, was sent to the Vatican. Both are extremely familiar with affairs in the United States, and both move as freely in Catholic circles as genuine Nazis can. Another appointment—completing the triangle—has not been officially announced. It is that of General Count Francisco Gomez de Jordana as Hitler's ambassador at large. In spite of the apparent reserve, all news reports at hand agree that the impressive voice and the majestic tone with which General Jordana broadcast from Barcelona Berlin's offer of a negotiated peace must have met with the Führer's most gracious approval.

Even Selma Lagerlöf, the Nobel prize-winner, was honored shortly before her death by the suppression of her works in Germany. Only a handful of stuffy academicians under the spiritual leadership of Sven Hedin still give allegiance to Nazi German culture.

Because of Swedish stubbornness—one example is the insistence that the English language be placed first on the teaching schedule of all Swedish high schools—the Nazi exporters of culture have to depend on their own efforts to influence the Swedish mind. Obscure new German publishing firms offer propaganda pamphlets and periodicals from Adolf Hitler's Public Enlightenment Bureau in Swedish translation. A Swedish edition of Goebbels's pictorial weekly *Signal* and a new daily called *Dagsposten,* which is full of advertisements of Nazi firms and is printed on the presses of the Paris *Humanité,* try desperately to make converts. The elections of last fall, in which the Swedish Nazis lost their nine seats in city and provincial councils, showed that the tiny catch formerly netted is dwindling rapidly. Even Thorsten Kreuger, owner of the lone pro-German evening paper *Aftonbladet,* who was formerly a director of the famous match syndicate of his brother Ivar Kreuger and was sentenced to jail for fraudulent transactions, is now doing his best to find a safe niche for himself. It is likely that he has been influenced by the boycott of *Aftonbladet* that was launched by the Swedish trade unions with their 1,023,000 members and supported by all the parties represented in the Swedish Parliament.

Today as before the war the book trade in Sweden offers a comprehensive list of new publications of contemporary world literature. Unhampered by advance censorship or ministerial decrees, the publishers determine their production according to their own judgment and conscience. One can count on the fingers of one hand the books which the Swedish government has confiscated by virtue of its unpopular emergency powers. The more frequent government action against papers that have "offended" Berlin can be explained by the fact that the law very clearly leaves the initiative to the foreign power that feels itself aggrieved.

The year 1918, which brought victory to the labor movement, established democratic ideals in Sweden. In that year, too, appeared the first signs that the country was turning its back on the hitherto dominating German influence. The mass expulsion of outstanding intellectuals from Germany after 1933 gave further impetus to Sweden's cultural orientation westward. The present war has made it final. Sweden has taken stock of Nazism and found it wanting.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

A NEW word has appeared in the official German dictionary—*Wohnraumlenkung*—and even for ears accustomed to Nazi gibberish it has a painful sound. It may be translated roughly as regulation of living quarters. The simple fact behind it is that the air bombardments are destroying more and more houses in more and more towns, and that living quarters have to be provided for the inhabitants. In city after city living space is now being rationed. The number of square yards—it varies in different places—to which each person is entitled is determined, and anything above this is requisitioned. The rooms must then be vacated so that strangers can be moved in.

Apparently *Wohnraumlenkung* began in Düsseldorf and was quickly taken up by other cities. It is interesting to note that compulsory measures became necessary as voluntary action to meet the situation declined. Until this spring a kind of solidarity prevailed among the people of a bombed town. There were always some who without compulsion would offer a roof to their homeless fellow-citizens. In Hamburg, for example, "regulation of living quarters" was introduced only at the beginning of last April; it had not been necessary before though the town had suffered almost a hundred attacks. Apparently the people's attitude has changed. In fact, the inhabitants of the Rhenish town of Bielefeld were told very plainly by the newspaper *Rote Erde* on March 29 that the rationing system had to be set up because "so few persons showed themselves ready to share the common burden. They failed to exhibit the spirit of comradeship which is indispensable in a total war."

Little by little, as they are reflected in the press, we are learning of other results of the bombardments. Really serious damage, especially to industry, is of course

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kept a close secret. But we hear, for example, of the glass problem. Inadequate as such a statement may seem, the effects of the bombardments for millions of persons are summed up in broken windows. The general hunt for window glass—and for glaziers—seems to play a not unimportant role in daily life. In heavily bombed Essen another phenomenon is to be noted. The *Essener Nationalzeitung* of March 23 informs us that "luggage shops are doing a big business because many persons who have been bombed out of their homes need trunks and bags to pack their belongings in." Naturally such a demand cannot be met, and "day after day customers stand in line for hours in front of these stores and then cannot be served." "Very unpleasant scenes," according to the newspaper account, are continually taking place in these queues, but what sort of scenes is not stated.

Is it because of the bombardments that precisely in Essen and the Ruhr "rumors" seem to flourish most luxuriantly? In any case the *Essener Nationalzeitung* combats rumors more vehemently and more tirelessly than any other German paper and refers to them more specifically. Its scoldings reached a high point in an article printed on April 7. The rumor is circulating in the Ruhr, the paper said—its proprietor is Hermann Göring —"that the Waffen-S.S. has moved into Essen to keep down the workers" and "that a state of siege is to be proclaimed." Of all the rumors of which the German press has taken notice, that went the farthest—so far as this observer can discover. And though there was apparently no truth in it, a tale of such dimensions reveals to some extent the conditions from which it sprang.

It was preceded by a succession of other local rumors. On April 2 the *Nationalzeitung* declared: "In the past weeks we have repeatedly heard rumors that a special allotment of *real* coffee destined for Düsseldorf was sent to Berlin." Here it should be remarked that the expression "sent to Berlin" is obviously a circumlocution. In reality the rumor must have said that the precious "real coffee" had fallen into the hands of Göring or some other high-placed gentleman. Nothing else would explain the heated rebuke that followed: "Since there are some simpletons who believe such rumors, they cannot be ignored. On the contrary, those who spread them must be energetically opposed." The newspaper then found a new way of discrediting such tales. "If rumors are traced to their source, it is always discovered that they were invented by men and women who carry less of the burden of the war than most of us, but who by their complaints wish to give the impression that they also have their troubles. That is one of their crude tricks."

"Do Not Lose Patience" was the title of the leading article of the *Völkischer Beobachter* of April 2. The virtue of the Germans, the article said, is patience; the vice of the Jews is haste. "Patience is our weapon; it will smash Jewish haste and hurry."

A sign of the times is the sharply increasing number of small law suits in Germany. The cause is clearly the growing general nervousness and irritability. But the *Angriff*, which considered the subject on April 2, found the reason, first, in a lack of the spirit of comradeship and, second, in too much leisure. "There should really be an investigation," said Goebbels's sheet, "to see whether some people have not too much time on their hands, those, for instance who bring a suit for trifling reasons, such as a dispute between tenant and landlord or a fancied libel." The newspaper recommended a simple solution: "Every court should on principle take the position that people who have collected petty evidence against others must wait till the end of the war to be heard. And since they have apparently too much free time, they should be sent to factories, where their services can be used effectively."

Hostages

NEWS from France indicates that Himmler has changed his methods. Until a few months ago the policy of the Gestapo in occupied countries was to shoot anybody who could be considered a menace to Hitler's World Order. Now every such person is arrested, and if he is just a common man he is sent to work on the defenses of Fortress Europe. If he is a man of some standing, he is imprisoned in Germany. A list of women condemned by the Nazi tribunals in France and deported to Germany has been received here. On it are the names of Mai Politzer, wife of Professor Politzer, who was shot by the occupation authorities; Danielle Casanova, former secretary of the Union of Young Women of France; Henriette Mauvais, wife of the recently arrested Communist leader; and Hélène Langevin-Salomon, daughter of the great doctor Paul Langevin (Nobel prize-winner) and wife of the young mathematician Jacques Salomon, who was delivered by the Vichy government to the Nazis and executed by them.

In the light of these facts, the deportation to Königsberg of Léon Blum, Edouard Daladier, and Paul Reynaud appears to be more than a casual act. One is inclined to think that these political deportations are the Nazi reply to the Allied announcement that Nazis guilty of war crimes will be punished. Himmler is building up a mass of hostages as part of the terrorist plan to be carried out when the moment arrives for the Reich to "slam the door so hard that the universe will shake and mankind will stand back in stupefaction."

Last week there were rumors of the deportation to Germany of Francisco Largo Caballero, the former Spanish Prime Minister and labor leader. There seems to be no doubt that he has been arrested again by the Vichy authorities. But the question is whether he is being held for delivery to Franco or whether he is part of the hostage group that the chief of the Gestapo is collecting.

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THE LIMITATIONS OF DICKENS

BY HENRY JAMES

[*This review first appeared in* The Nation *of December 21, 1865. It is reprinted in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Henry James.*]

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND"* is, to our perception, the poorest of Mr. Dickens's works. And it is poor with the poverty not of momentary embarrassment but of permanent exhaustion. It is wanting in inspiration. For the last ten years it has seemed to us that Mr. Dickens has been unmistakably forcing himself. "Bleak House" was forced; "Little Dorritt" was labored; the present work is dug out as with a spade and pickax. Of course—to anticipate the usual argument—who but Dickens could have written it? Who, indeed? Who else would have established a lady in business in a novel on the admirably solid basis of her always putting on gloves and tying a handkerchief round her head in moments of grief, and of her habitually addressing her family with "Peace! hold!" It is needless to say that Mrs. Reginald Wilfer is first and last the occasion of considerable true humor. When, after conducting her daughter to Mrs. Boffin's carriage, in sight of all the envious neighbors, she is described as enjoying her triumph during the next quarter of an hour by airing herself on the doorstep "in a kind of splendidly serene trance," we laugh with as uncritical a laugh as could be desired of us. We pay the same tribute to her assertions, as she narrates the glories of the society she enjoyed at her father's table, that she has known as many as three copperplate engravers exchanging the most exquisite sallies and retorts there at one time. But when to these we have added a dozen more happy examples of the humor which was exhaled from every line of Mr. Dickens's earlier writings, we shall have closed the list of the merits of the work before us. To say that the conduct of the story, with all its complications, betrays a long-practiced hand, is to pay no compliment worthy the author. If this were, indeed, a compliment, we should be inclined to carry it further, and congratulate him on his success in what we should call the manufacture of fiction; for in so doing we should express a feeling that has attended us throughout the book. Seldom, we reflected, had we read a book so intensely *written*, so little seen, known, or felt.

In all Mr. Dickens's works the fantastic has been his great resource; and while his fancy was lively and vigorous it accomplished great things. But the fantastic, when the fancy is dead, is a very poor business. The movement of Mr. Dickens's fancy in Mrs. Wilfer and Mr. Boffin and Lady Tippins, and the Lammles and Miss Wren, and even in Eugene Wrayburn, is, to our mind, a movement lifeless, forced, mechanical. It is the letter of his old humor without the spirit. It is hardly too much to say that every character here put before us is a mere bundle of eccentricities, animated by no principle of nature whatever. In former days there reigned in Mr. Dickens's extravagances a comparative consistency; they were exaggerated statements of types that really existed. We had, perhaps, never known a Newman Noggs, nor a Pecksniff, nor a Micawber; but we had known persons of whom these figures were but the strictly logical consummation. But among the grotesque creatures who occupy the pages before us, there is not one whom we can refer to as an existing type. In all Mr. Dickens's satires, indeed, the reader has been called upon, and has willingly consented, to accept a certain number of figures or creatures of pure fancy, for this was the author's poetry. He was, moreover, always repaid for his concession by a peculiar beauty or power in these exceptional characters. But he is now expected to make the same concession with a very inadequate reward. What do we get in return for accepting Miss Jenny Wren as a possible person? This young lady is the type of a certain class of characters of which Mr. Dickens has made a specialty, and with which he has been accustomed to draw alternate smiles and tears, according as he pressed one spring or another. But this is very cheap merriment and very cheap pathos. Miss Jenny Wren is a poor little dwarf, afflicted, as she constantly reiterates, with a "bad back," and "queer legs," who makes doll's dresses, and is for ever pricking at those with whom she converses, in the air, with her needle, and assuring them that she knows their "tricks and their manners." Like all Mr. Dickens's pathetic characters, she is a little monster; she is deformed, unhealthy, unnatural; she belongs to the troop of hunchbacks, imbeciles, and precocious children who have carried on the sentimental business in all Mr. Dickens's novels: the little Nells, the Smikes, the Paul Dombeys.

Mr. Dickens goes as far out of the way for his wicked people as he does for his good ones. Rogue Riderhood, indeed, in the present story, is villainous with a sufficiently natural villainy; he belongs to that quarter of society in which the author is most at his ease. But was there ever such wickedness as that of the Lammles and Mr. Fledgeby? Not that people have not been as mischievous as they; but was anyone ever mischievous in that singular fashion? Did a couple of elegant swindlers ever take such particular pains to be aggressively inhuman?—for we can find no other word for the gratuitous distortions to which they are subjected. The word "humanity" strikes us as strangely discordant, in the midst of these pages; for, let us boldly declare it, there is no humanity here. Humanity is nearer home than the Boffins, and the Lammles, and the Wilfers, and the Veneerings. It is in what men have in common with each other, and not in what they have in distinction. The people just named have nothing in common with mankind at large. What a world were this

*"Our Mutual Friend." By Charles Dickens. New York: Harper Brothers. 1865.

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world if the world of "Our Mutual Friend" were an honest reflection of it! But a community of eccentrics is impossible. Rules alone are consistent with each other; exceptions are inconsistent. Society is maintained by natural sense and natural feeling. We cannot conceive a society in which these principles are not in some manner represented. Where in these pages are the depositaries of that intelligence without which the movement of life would cease? Who represents nature? Accepting half of Mr. Dickens's persons as intentionally grotesque, where are those exemplars of sound humanity who should afford us the proper measure of their companions' variations? We ought not, in justice to the author, to seek them among his weaker—that is, his mere conventional—characters: in John Harmon, Lizzie Hexam, or Mortimer Lightwood; but we assuredly cannot find them among his stronger—that is, his artificial—creations.

Suppose we take Eugene Wrayburn and Bradley Headstone. They occupy a halfway position between the habitual probable of nature and the habitual impossible of Mr. Dickens. A large portion of the story rests upon the enmity borne by Headstone to Wrayburn, both being in love with the same woman. Wrayburn is a gentleman, and Headstone is one of the people. Wrayburn is well-bred, careless, elegant, skeptical, and idle; Headstone is a high-tempered, hard-working, ambitious young schoolmaster. There lay in the opposition of these two characters a very good story. But the prime requisite was that they should *be* characters: Mr. Dickens, according to his usual plan, has made them simply figures, and between them the story that was to be, the story that should have been, has evaporated. Wrayburn lounges about with his hands in his pockets, smoking a cigar and talking nonsense. Headstone strides about, clenching his fists and biting his lips and grasping his stick. There is one scene in which Wrayburn chaffs the schoolmaster with easy insolence, while the latter writhes impotently under his well-bred sarcasm. This scene is very clever, but it is very insufficient. If the majority of readers were not so very timid in the use of words we should call it vulgar. By this we do not mean to indicate the conventional impropriety of two gentlemen exchanging lively personalities; we mean to emphasize the essentially small character of these personalities. In other words, the moment, dramatically, is great, while the author's conception is weak. The friction of two *men,* of two characters, of two passions, produces stronger sparks than Wrayburn's boyish repartees and Headstone's melodramatic commonplaces.

Such scenes as this are useful in fixing the limits of Mr. Dickens's insight. Insight is, perhaps, too strong a word; for we are convinced that it is one of the chief conditions of his genius not to see beneath the surface of things. If we might hazard a definition of his literary character, we should, accordingly, call him the greatest of superficial novelists. We are aware that this definition confines him to an inferior rank in the department of letters which he adorns; but we accept this consequence of our proposition. It were, in our opinion, an offense against humanity to place Mr. Dickens among the greatest novelists. For, to repeat what we have already intimated, he has created nothing but figure. He has added nothing to our understanding of human character. He is master of but two alternatives: he reconciles us to what is commonplace, and he reconciles us to what is odd. The value of the former service is questionable; and the manner in which Mr. Dickens performs it sometimes conveys a certain impression of charlatanism. The value of the latter service is incontestable, and here Mr. Dickens is an honest, an admirable artist. But what is the condition of the truly great novelist? For him there are no alternatives, for him there are no oddities, for him there is nothing outside of humanity. He cannot shirk it; it imposes itself upon him. For him alone, therefore, there is a true and a false; for him alone it is possible to be right, because it is possible to be wrong. Mr. Dickens is a great observer and a great humorist, but he is nothing of a philosopher. Some people may hereupon say, so much the better; we say, so much the worse. For a novelist very soon has need of a little philosophy. In treating of Micawber, and Boffin, and Pickwick, *et hoc genus omne,* he can, indeed, dispense with it, for this—we say it with all deference—is not serious writing. But when he comes to tell the story of a passion, a story like that of Headstone and Wrayburn, he becomes a moralist as well as an artist. He must know *man* as well as *men,* and to know man is to be a philosopher. The writer who knows men alone, if he have Mr. Dickens's humor and fancy, will give us figures and pictures for which we cannot be too grateful, for he will enlarge our knowledge of the world. But when he introduces men and women whose interest is preconceived to lie not in the poverty, the weakness, the drollery of their natures, but in their complete and unconscious subjection to ordinary and healthy human emotions, all his humor, all his fancy, will avail him nothing if, out of the fulness of his sympathy, he is unable to prosecute those generalizations in which alone consists the real greatness of a work of art. This may sound like very subtle talk about a very simple matter; it is rather very simple talk about a very subtle matter. A story based upon these elementary passions in which alone we seek the true and final manifestation of character must be told in a spirit of intellectual superiority to those passions. That is, the author must understand what he is talking about. The perusal of a story so told is one of the most elevating experiences within the reach of the human mind. The perusal of a story which is not so told is infinitely depressing and unprofitable.

"Henry James Place"

I WONDER whether, among the homages paid to William James and Henry James on the centenaries of their births, New York City itself is going to do anything to honor two of its greatest sons. William was born in the old Astor House on January 11, 1842; Henry at 2 Washington Place on April 15, 1843. I know of no mark or sign, anywhere in the city, to commemorate these events. The lack is particularly lamentable in the case of Henry, who left some of the most memorable images of New York in our literature. The old city of the 1840's and '50's was a memory so vivid throughout his life that he summoned it up for exquisite commemoration, after seventy years, in the books of his old age, "A Small Boy and Others" and "Notes of a Son and Brother." It served him from his beginnings in fiction: his first fine

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novel, "Washington Square," centers in the childhood world that stretched between the Square and Fourteenth Street:

> . . . the Square, containing a considerable quantity of inexpensive vegetation, inclosed by a wooden paling, which increased its rural and accessible appearance; and round the corner was the more august precinct of the Fifth Avenue, taking its origin at this point with a spacious and confident air which already marked it for high destinies. I know not whether it is owing to the tenderness of early associations, but this portion of New York appears to many persons the most delectable. . . . It was here, as you might have been informed on good authority, that you had come into a world which appeared to offer a variety of sources of interest; it was here that your grandmother lived, in venerable solitude, and dispensed a hospitality which commended itself alike to the infant imagination and the infant palate; it was here that you took your first walks abroad, following the nursery-maid with unequal step and sniffing up the strange odor of the ailanthus trees which at that time formed the principal umbrage of the Square, and diffused an aroma that you were not yet critical enough to dislike as it deserved; it was here, finally, that your first school, kept by a broad-bosomed, broad-based old lady with a ferule, who was always having tea in a blue cup, with a saucer that didn't match, enlarged the circle both of your observations and your sensations.

Later "those spacious, sociable Arcadian days that we flattered ourselves we filled with the modern fever" were succeeded by the "loud longitudinal New York" of the following decades—the city of "the long, the perpendicular rattle, as of buckets, forever thirsty, in the bottomless well of fortune"; of "the fantastic skeleton of the Elevated Railway, overhanging the transverse longitudinal street, which it darkened and smothered with the immeasurable spinal column and myriad clutching paws of an antediluvian monster"; of the tall meridians of its avenues and the numbered latitudes of its streets—"Good heavens!" exclaims a later character, "what a nomenclature! The city of New York is like a tall sum in addition, and the streets are like columns of figures. What a place for me to live, who hate arithmetic!"

Which brings us to the point. New York's street arithmetic, however convenient, allows few of the charms we encounter in the other great towns of the world—the pleasure of being reminded of the great who once were born and lived in them. George Washington is honored plentifully; so plentifully indeed—by square, arch, street, place, mews, bridge, heights, and not only in New York City but all over the rest of America as well—that he can easily spare one of his shrines. My suggestion is that Washington Place be renamed Henry James Place. (Or, if the family is to be honored, let it be James Place. But Henry James Place is on all counts more appropriate.) Thus a great family and a great man would be restored to the daily memory of their fellow-townsmen. Number 2 should be equipped with a marker to remind the haunters of the Square of an ancestor of theirs for whom the place was a shrine—"the good easy Square, known in childhood, and as if the light were yellower there from that small accident, bristled with reminders as vague as they were sweet." Washington Place is a short street; few people would be inconvenienced by a change of name; they would acquire a more distinctive address. Perhaps when another hundred years have elapsed, this vestige of a respectful

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generation of 1943 will stir the Americans and New Yorkers of 2043 to admit that the day is ripe for another and even better memorial—a complete cheap edition of the fiction of Henry James, accessible to everybody who wants to read it; this to be followed in 2143 by a complete reprinting of his non-fiction, which by that time should be sufficiently distant and classic to warrant the outlay of cash and care now so munificently lavished on the secret coffers and waste-baskets of James Boswell, the wash-lists of Mrs. Thrale, and the understandably "lost" plays of Broadway.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Notes by the Way

HENRY JAMES was born a hundred years ago this month. His first published writings appeared in 1864 and 1865, and some of them were written for the new weekly magazine *The Nation,* which was launched in the latter year by E. L. Godkin. Though James was only twenty-two when he first contributed reviews to *The Nation's* literary section, his essays on then-current books were brilliant; today they still shine brightly. In honor of James's hundredth anniversary, his criticism of "Our Mutual Friend" by Charles Dickens, first published in these pages in 1865, is presented as the leading review in this Spring Book Issue of 1943.

I HOPE that Mayor LaGuardia and other New York City Fathers will look with favor on Mr. Zabel's suggestion that Washington Place be renamed Henry James Place in honor of a great American writer who has too often been dismissed as an "expatriate" because he settled in another country and actually became a British subject. Such superficial patriots will never read James in any case, I suppose; and without reading him they will hardly discover that his perennial subject was the American character, or that, as Constance Rourke points out in "American Humor," "the international scene became a great American scene" in the decades when James was coming into maturity as a writer. "There is irony in the circumstance," she says at another point, "that the American character should first have been fully realized [by James] within the European scene." There has been another irony, long drawn out, in the persistent refusal of Americans to recognize James's achievement.

SUCH RECOGNITION as he has had in his native country has been, so to speak, the refraction of his reputation in Europe. He has been most appreciated by those Americans preoccupied with Europe. His work has given rise to dozens of excellent but often rather forbidding essays—which have thrown up still another barrier between the intelligent, non-academic American reader and our finest novelist. His admirers have thus unwittingly cooperated with his detractors to make James appear not only as remote and alien but as a "writer's writer" too difficult for ordinary mortals to understand. Some of his later books *are* difficult—I admit not having read the very last ones. And in an age when "digests" pass for books, when reading time is measured with stop-watches, when the act of reading is regarded as a species of "freewheeling" in which the mind is *dis*engaged, even "The

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FULL CIRCLE: A front-page headline in the New York *Times* of April 8 read as follows: "U. S. Now Planning to Educate Europe."

On page 15 the *Times* printed further outraged comments on how little Americans know of their own history.

MARGARET MARSHALL

The Lower Depths

MEN FROM NOWHERE. By Jean Malaquais. L. B. Fischer. $2.50.

DARK WEDDING. By Ramón J. Sender. Translated from the Spanish by Eleanor Clark. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

JEAN MALAQUAIS'S "Men from Nowhere" first appeared under the formidable sponsorship of André Gide. In France, where it was awarded a prize called the Renaudot Prize, it is said to have been "enormously successful." And certainly it is a work of considerable talent. Yet when we have reckoned with the portentous but not very complex irony of its tone and with certain scenes of quasi-significant madness, this story of the foreign and stateless men who work an exhausted mine on the Riviera turns out to be merely another piece of information about the Lower Depths.

And I find it increasingly hard to understand what books of this sort are supposed to do. Their presence in our literature is of course one of our most important cultural characteristics—for about two centuries the angle of literary vision has moved slowly downward, the old upward gaze to the eminent tragic hero dropping to the eye-level view of the bourgeois hero, then farther downward to take in people of lower social position but equal human quality (the working people of the Victorian novels), then downward still farther to focus on people, like most of those in "Men from Nowhere," whose emotional and intellectual organization is so much less complex than the reader's as to make them seem almost a different species. We commonly regard the writing and reading of books like "Men from Nowhere" with considerable moral complacency; they indicate the social goodwill of author and reader. But more and more I read them with a kind of bewildered frustration.

My confusion is literary, not political. I am sure that the great fact for the modern consciousness is the insupportable and inhuman existence of the larger part of humanity. Sometimes this fact seems challenging, sometimes desperately depressing, but I never find it confusing in the way that I find literature's response to it confusing.

For example, almost every novel that tells me about poverty and degradation asks me to pity the people it describes. But

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I am enough of a Spinozist and Freudian to believe that pity is an emotion much to be suspected. Then some books —for example, "The Grapes of Wrath"—complicate the matter by telling me that the people I am to pity are, exactly because of their pitiable condition, a great deal more decent than I am. Then I find it disconcerting to have novels imply that I live on the heights of moral freedom from which I am to look down toward people who are wholly in the toils of necessity; these novels endow me with god-like emotions but not with god-like powers. Again, it is worth considering whether stories of social horror do not inure us to social horror, making us glib about it and acceptant of it—if we suffer enough in a literary way, perhaps we have done all that can be expected of us! Literature, no matter what we say about its "social function," must in some way give us pleasure, and it is to be considered whether social literature as we know it has not been an elaborate hoax of ourselves; perhaps it gives us not the moral stimulus we think we are getting but a kind of circuitous, cheap, and illegitimate satisfaction. "Facing the facts" may be the newest and subtlest way of "escaping reality." Perhaps we have become connoisseurs of misery, with a fine taste in suffering.

Is literature, then, to ignore the terrible facts of social injustice? No, but literature must evolve new sensibilities to deal with them, for the ways of the old sensibilities eventually falsify what they represent. Like continual melodrama, they debauch the emotions; and they do not permit thought and therefore they check and limit the emotions. The limits of Malaquais's emotional range are a case in point. This author does not find real significance in his pitiable miners or any real sense of human connection with them—they are for him merely the objects of his highly trained humanitarian feelings. All his novelistic interest centers in his three educated characters and in the love of a sensitive prostitute for one of them, and this interest is at best a sentimental one. To me the lack of any plot or development or ideas in the story and the complete reliance on isolated incident and on "poetry" indicate the inadequacy of the author's perception of misery.

In "Dark Wedding" Ramón Sender does not succeed in solving the problem of how to deal with misery and the brutalization that results from it, but at least he makes a considerable and admirable effort. He has chosen the method of fantasy and symbolism. His story begins in sober and rather brilliant realism and tells of the director of a Latin American penal island who returns to the colony with his new young bride and, after a more than usually brutal display of authority, is murdered on his wedding night. From here, by gradual stages, the story moves into fantasy as the convicts, insane to a man, struggle for the political control of the island and the possession of the virgin widow. The fantasy is wild and sometimes obscure, but the ideational intention of the book is always kept clear—it is that the horrible past crimes of the convicts and their present lust for the girl are, despite all appearances, actually perversions of love and twisted manifestations of the ideal; and this idea is of sufficient scope to require that the mind keep pace with the emotions as we read; and it effectually keeps us from *condescending* to the almost inhuman creatures we are reading about.

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Perhaps the comparison will seem extravagant and certainly it is bitterly unfair to an admirable if not wholly successful book, but there are many elements in "Dark Wedding" which brought "King Lear" to my mind. Both works are concerned to show man as naked as possible; both have a plethora of madness, by which they achieve their largest effects; both are pervaded by the themes of justice and both involve justice with sexuality; in both there is a dominant sense of the horror of nature (of creeping, crawling, and decaying things) as well as of the terror of nature, and both constantly question whether nature is good or bad; in both love in its perfection (Cordelia; the virgin widow) is true salvation, in its perversion (Goneril, Regan; the mad convicts) the source of evil.

"King Lear" is the greatest comment on human misery ever uttered; it puts the fact of misery under the greatest possible intellectual and emotional pressure to extract its meaning; it makes the universe rock, turns everything upside down, uses the loudest possible noise and the tenderest possible reticence to make us know what misery really is. It seems to me that this is the only way for literature to deal with the subject; anything less had better be no more than a sociological report. And Sender, in so far as he succeeds, uses Shakespeare's method of terrible, fantastic pressure.

But eventually Sender does not succeed. The pressure turns out to be insufficient. The symbols cease to work, the language becomes false—and Sender can write remarkably well, and Eleanor Clark has made one of the best modern translations I know—because eventually Sender's moral sensibility does not support them. His moral sensibility is modern: like all of us, he wants to hope, and since hope is hard to come by these days, he descends to facile optimism. Throughout the book I had the uncomfortable awareness that even a gifted modern man cannot discourse about "love" without making it seem disconcertingly squashy. When the young hero, the school teacher Dario, begins to think of himself as "Lord of the Dawn," the débâcle of sensibility begins; and when the hitherto sinister convicts begin showering the young lovers with the thousand-peso bills of the stolen fortune, the fantasy begins to deflate to the dimensions of a René Clair picture or even—what with the quaint Indians of the island—to the scale of "Peter and Wendy." This collapse is dispiriting, but it does not negate the energy and the rightness of the book's intention.

LIONEL TRILLING

World Federation?
International Police?
Union with Britain?

POST-WAR WORLDS

By PERCY CORBETT

Is the sanest, clearest discussion to date of the form which the world-after-the-war must take. Written by the Professor of International Law at McGill University, it peddles no private panaceas but discusses the bases on which *any* successful proposal must rest — in the light of past experiences, both of the League of Nations and other experiments. It exposes the weaknesses of some current "paper plans" and shows why an international police force, alone, won't secure the Four Freedoms throughout the world.

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Mr. Willkie's Two Odysseys

ONE WORLD. By Wendell Willkie. Simon and Schuster. $2.

MR. WILLKIE has been engaged in two great pilgrimages. The one took him around the world. The other carried him from the presidency of a public-utility corporation through a Presidential campaign to the position of an honored tribune in the nation. The fact that he has gained in moral stature since his defeat in the election has made thinking Americans look forward particularly to this report of his trip around the world. They had reason to expect that it would be a report of the two odysseys, though it would ostensibly be a record of only the more obvious one. It is possible to report gratefully that these expectations have not been disappointed. The more spiritual pilgrimage is fairly well indicated in the process of recording the trip around the globe. There are some tantalizing lacunae in the statement of his growth in political maturity. But it is fairly clear in outline. Furthermore, the indirect account of the one pilgrimage contributes to the value of the other. For Mr. Willkie is a keen observer, and some of his most casual reflections on men and events betray a remarkable grasp of the essential realities.

The book is worth reading, in other words, merely as a travelogue. His estimates of both personalities and social forces strike one as true, even when given in briefest terms. He speaks of some of the colonial officials of the Middle East as derived from "Rudyard Kipling untainted even with the liberalism of Cecil Rhodes," and thinks that "only new men and new ideas in the machinery of our relations with the East can win the victory without which any peace will be only an armistice." He records his conversion to the Zionist idea in Palestine after a single conference with Miss Henrietta Szold, the founder of Hadassah, and yet makes his position convincing. His estimate of Stalin is worth recording: "When we talked of the causes of the war and the economic and political conditions that would face the world after it was over, his comprehension was broad, his detailed information exact, and the cold reality of his thinking apparent. Stalin is a hard man, perhaps even a cruel man, but a very able one. He has few illusions." In his account of General de Gaulle Mr. Willkie allows one to suspect that the leader of the Fighting French takes himself rather seriously, comparing himself a little too obviously with Joan of Arc. Of all the people he met, Chiang

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Kai-shek and the leader of the Siberian republic of Yakutsk seem to have impressed him most. One must resist the temptation to quote indefinitely from his succinct and vivid accounts of men and events in order to come to the real message of the book.

It is of course not news that Mr. Willkie believes that the world is one and that America cannot find its rightful place in it if it does not become fully aware of the vast interdependence which a technical civilization has achieved. He wants neither isolationism nor isolationist imperialism. He deprecates the present policy of the State Department and observes that expediency, calculated to save a few lives, may lose many more in the end. He is convinced that Russia must be brought into any post-war system of mutual security and believes that the fear of Russia is a sign of weakness because the "best answer to communism is a living, vibrant, fearless democracy, economic, social, and political." His appreciation of the necessity of a generous relation with China, in which present disproportions of power will not be allowed to prompt policies which will cause future embarrassment, is as sound as his advice on Russia.

In general Mr. Willkie seems a little too much of a Wilsonian libertarian, emphasizing the necessity of granting freedom to all the nations without giving a full statement of how this liberty is to be kept from becoming suicidal in an interdependent world. It must be admitted, however, that he has a broad program for world order. He wants a United Nations Council now; and he wisely observes that "nothing much of importance can be won in peace which has not already been won in the war itself." This recognition of the organic character of historical processes would, if more fully developed, surely modify his more abstract libertarian conceptions. On the question of colonial policy he allows himself some rather sweeping condemnations without offering any specific suggestions for administering the affairs of peoples not yet capable of self-government.

Mr. Willkie, in short, substantiates the general impression of him as a proponent of a wise internationalism. The trip around the world may have sharpened his perceptions and matured his convictions. But he would not have seen what he did see if he had not brought a considerable wisdom to his adventure.

Unfortunately Mr. Willkie does not answer the one question about his development which many of us have found most intriguing. Has he learned anything about economic life which would prompt him to disavow the laissez faire nonsense which he talked in the Presidential campaign? Has his knowledge that the world is interdependent and that its international processes must be "managed" dissuaded him from his previous fear that any form of domestic management of economic life must lead to communism? It is hardly conceivable that some of the pages of this book are written by the same man who insisted during the campaign that we must defeat Hitler but must do it in the "American way" without any restrictions upon "free enterprise." Nevertheless, Mr. Willkie neither disavows any previous convictions nor yet gives any clear indication of present views. He does seem tremendously impressed by the fact that able men do rise to the top in the Soviet scheme.

The closest he comes to baring his heart is in an account

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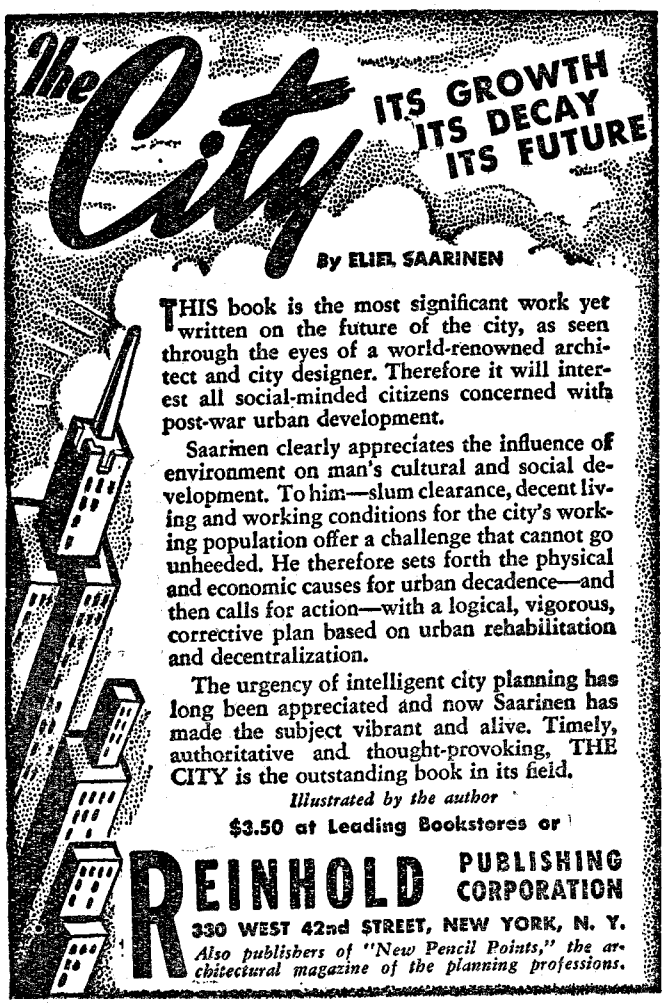
of a conversation with a Russian factory superintendent. He presses the Russian official to reveal the sources of his zeal and the driving force of his ambition. For once Mr. Willkie seems to be again the president of a public-utility corporation as he seeks to persuade the Russian that he is not really free if he cannot give expression to the economic or commercial motive. But the Russian remains adamant in his insistence that the Soviet system gives him both the required security and the incentive. What is really significant about this interview is that Mr. Willkie concludes the record of it with the following statement:

> As I turned to go I overheard Major Knight, our amazingly skilful and intelligent pilot, say to Joe Barnes, "Listen, don't let's get away before you explain to that fellow that Mr. Willkie was just trying to get him to talk. Sure, we in America like what money can buy and want to get ahead a bit. . . . But at the same time I got this piece of ribbon here," pointing to the ribbon of the Distinguished Flying Cross, "and that didn't bring me a cent. You tell him that I'd give the rank and the pay rise back for nothing, but I wouldn't give away the ribbon for a million dollars."

I may be wrong but I think the old Mr. Willkie conducted that debate with the Russian superintendent, while the new Mr. Willkie found it necessary to add his pilot's refutation of his commercial creed. It was probably the political and circumspect Mr. Willkie who allowed his pilot rather than himself to give expression to sentiments which the traditional devotees of the "American way of life" must regard as rank heresy.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR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The Growth of Cities

THE CITY: ITS GROWTH, ITS DECAY, ITS FUTURE. By Eliel Saarinen. Reinhold Publishing Corporation. $3.50.

WE ARE looking forward to a great Renaissance in which mankind will again be moved by other purposes than fear and greed. In this Renaissance the rebuilding of cities will have a prominent place; and I know of no single book on the subject so comprehensive, so free from crotchets and pedantries, so generous and yet so practical, as Eliel Saarinen's.

Saarinen does not spurn the city planning which is merely good housekeeping; but he looks beyond immediate needs. His field is *city building,* which, he claims, is "three-dimensional." May I put in a plea for the fourth dimension, *time?* In a historical city the preservation of traditional values is the essential rule. In a new city—and Saarinen recognizes it explicitly—we should "think of the future"; not merely in terms of increased traffic, but also in terms of style. We should not clutter up the next generation with buildings which represent merely a passing vogue.

Saarinen's keyword is "organic growth." An admirable principle, but taken as a shibboleth, as it was in the nineteenth century, it would be the negation of planning. Organic growth is unconscious. "It is foolishness," quoth the Organicist, "to create a city, write a constitution, plan an economy, invent a language." Joseph de Maistre wagered that the proposed city of Washington would never come into being. Voltaire would cap this reasoning: "It is absurd to believe that you can build a bridge across the Golden Gate by the radical and utopian method of first drawing blueprints. The bridge must grow organically." The truth is that we must conquer nature according to her own laws. Our method should be a rational and purposive evolution. And such is the gist of Saarinen's thought.

Saarinen considers the medieval city the perfection of organic growth. He is right, if we remember that a growth may be malignant. The medieval city was the result of a disease—fear. It was cramped, stunted, starved for air and light, by its defensive armor. A poignant beauty often was the result. In the same way, the twin disease, greed, is responsible for the cañons and towers of our modern Megalopolis. There also the result may be undeniably impressive. But impressiveness is no criterion. A Nazi mass-meeting or a battlefield may possess the dramatic power that we are seeking to destroy.

The other kind of city goes back to the Roman camp, and to the "free" towns deliberately created in the Middle Ages. Usually the checkerboard plan was adopted; it is not an American invention. In rare cases that least imaginative of all patterns is the most adequate. Nothing could have worked better in an elongated island like Manhattan. Broadway, the sole exception, creates a bad traffic problem at each intersection with an avenue. When the checkerboard plan is imposed upon a hilly site, with no regard for contours, as in San Francisco, it is an abomination. But the planned city is not necessarily quadrilateral. It developed in the classical age from the avenues traced in the royal forests. At Versailles, at Karlsruhe, the city plan is almost the replica of the *parc*

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layout. The Invalides, Ecole Militaire, and Etoile districts in Paris were conceived in the same spirit. The standard example is our own Washington.

Saarinen contrasts the Informal Revival, of which the best theorist was Camillo Sitte, and the Formal Continuance, the Louis XIV and Haussmann tradition. With these schools of planning, as a rule, went certain styles: Gothic and Renaissance when the goal was picturesqueness; and when the grandiose was desired, the classical, with a touch of the baroque, leading to the banal elegance of the Beaux-Arts. Saarinen deprecates "styles." Our own age should evolve, and is evolving, organically, a style of its own. Banks that ape the Parthenon or the Palazzo Vecchio are as absurd as Gothic railway stations. This has now become so obvious that a plea for the defeated side may be needed. We do not discard from our speech ancient words which still serve our purpose. We even go into deliberate archaism, as Lincoln did, when the occasion warrants a particular solemnity of tone. In the same way, there are architectural idioms which are best able to express thoughts that are still with us. A Gothic cathedral is not absurd if the doctrine and ritual of the thirteenth century are kept alive under its vault. The colonial and early republican styles are not dead: like the Constitution, they stand for a way of life which we still cherish. I should like to meet my friends in a Louis Quinze salon, if only we could live up to our furniture. But for the bulk of our architecture—public buildings, offices, stores, apartments, and most private dwellings—Saarinen is manifestly right.

He has no love for what is most distinctive and modern about American cities—the skyscraper and blatant advertising. He condemns both, not so much in the name of beauty as in that of efficiency. Both are self-defeating. They start a spiral—ever higher, ever louder—which must lose itself in the absurd.

The compact Megalopolis is doomed. Many remedies have been proposed. Saarinen's is "organic decentralization." Split up the big city into self-contained units, separated by vast open spaces, if possible by forest belts. Prost adopted the idea for the development of the Paris region: instead of expecting new rings to grow solidly round the old core, he would have the satellite cities remain separate. Los Angeles offers an adumbration of that method—a hundred suburbs in search of a city. The formula might be very successful. Saarinen offers sketches of decentralization patterns for Tallin, Helsinki, Athens, and even Chicago and Detroit.

All this is right: but is it feasible? Saarinen proves, conclusively, I believe, that values, in real terms, would be increased and stabilized through his method. But will he ever convince the realtors, for whom the city is first of all a roulette table? Even if the city as a whole should gain by the reform, the realtors and their clients will not easily forfeit the "incentive" of fabulous wealth. Our political and legal system is geared to the defense of private interests; and the greatest of these, the palladium of our economic liberty, is the right to buy a lottery ticket. Saarinen's admirable proposals, although conceived in a truly conservative spirit, demand a revolution in thought. Cooperation must be substituted for scramble; or—why mince the words?—socialism in all social matters, collectivism in all collective enterprises,

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instead of rugged individualism and the survival of the most callous.

That revolution is under way. If we leave it to "organic," that is, unconscious, development, we might very well be heading for that extremely natural phenomenon, a cataclysm. If we apply the method of purposive, planned evolution, we may be spared. It will require firm and expert steering; and, in his own domain, Saarinen, artist, technician, thinker, and poet, would be an invaluable guide. ALBERT GUÉRARD

Welcome, Stranger!

THE HILL. By David Greenhood. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.75.

IT IS a great temptation to endow Mr. Greenhood's first book with all the tokens of a critical desideratum. But that would be to consume an unpretentious, a warm, a really blooming book in the critical oven, to bury it, in fact, under the cinders. The reason for the temptation is simply that Mr. Greenhood has written about small-town life as if it were his first exciting visit. (Welcome, stranger!) The story begins when a writer, having lost his way in a fog, stumbles on the ghost town of Wabash Hill, a derelict of the California gold-rush days. The writer discovers the small town. And it is his general air of wonder, his fresh point of view, and his gradual understanding of the inhabitants that infuse a stale theme with new life. The characters are presented naturally; we understand them through their understanding of each other. The humor too is their own, the unconscious humor of the inarticulate, as in the enormously funny account of the fight over a gift fishing reel; or the conscious humor of mock seriousness in the delightful legend of the moon dog. Both types spill over into poetry. The conversation is especially good; Mr. Greenhood seems to have located the essential and unbroken connection between native American speech and revelation of character.

It is significant that both town and characters are imaginary, which is to say they are created, "written," not recalled in passive retrospection. The small town has become the deadliest of subjects, although as a basic American theme it contains perhaps a greater concentration of the traditional elements of American culture than any other single theme. The trouble has been that novelists have not been aware of these elements as a tradition which must necessarily be expressed in terms of the present if both tradition and expression are to have meaning. Novelists have been content merely to use the small town as an emotional escape, to relive the past by projecting into the present feelings that belong to the past and no longer have a living source. This sentimental archaeology is a dead end; emotion becomes glamour, characters become frustrated, and writing becomes academic. Mr. Greenhood's method is better. He chose his setting, as he says in his preface, "as one well suited to highlight certain human values which in American life are indestructible." He has succeeded in realizing that intention in a series of sketches of extraordinary vitality. He has made a beginning. It remains to be seen whether he can carry over his knowledge of American character and its modes of expression into the more hazardous form of the novel. H. P. LAZARUS

"Manners, Morals, and Mistakes"

FANTASTIC INTERIM. By Henry Morton Robinson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

MR. ROBINSON deals with America's course from Versailles to Pearl Harbor in terms of our "manners, morals, and mistakes." Being the author of "Private Virtue—Public Gain" (1938), a thumping defense of private enterprise, he quite properly acknowledges that his is a hindsight view of our past quarter of a century. But since it is so very necessary for us to understand just what happened to us during the interval between the two wars—what our mistakes were, what alternatives we had—we cannot follow him too hastily, even when he is castigating the most brazen scoundrels and national follies. His method, admittedly borrowed from Frederick Lewis Allen, has its dangers. Mr. Allen, in "Only Yesterday" and "Since Yesterday," recounted the interesting events, personalities, and "national temper" of the 1920's and 1930's. But this is a vastly different thing from discovering our "mistakes" in national policy, separating causes from effects, and laying responsibility squarely before the right people.

Mr. Robinson paints a picture of the 1920's which, so far as it goes, will be generally accepted. He writes sharply about our failure to include the League of Nations in our plans. He is duly disgusted with "normalcy" under Harding, "prosperity" under Coolidge, and Hoover's unbending ineffectiveness. But the real question is *why* we shirked our international and domestic obligations, and *who* it was precisely that did the shirking. Mr. Robinson is no analyst. He never looks back of 1919, and he treats Europe solely in terms of its war debt to us. He describes with indignation and detail how "we" patronized speakeasies, entered flag-pole-sitting contests, and played Mah Jong. But his accounts of the La Follette Presidential campaign of 1924, Sacco and Vanzetti, the Gastonia strike, and similar issues are superficial even when not brief.

Mr. Robinson, of course, reviews our foreign policy with an eye on Pearl Harbor. But granting the fatuity of the Washington Conference on Naval Disarmament, and our—to say the least—muddled relations with Germany, Japan, and other nations, the author does not formulate anything that approximates a philosophy, hindsight or otherwise. For example, he contends that Japan and Germany studied the art of war, and that we should have done likewise. He does not tell us what forms a military program might have taken under the reactionary politicians he describes, and under the "brass hats" who broke "Billy" Mitchell; or what forms it *did* take in the field of dollar diplomacy. He pours scorn on the peace societies; but he never considers how peace is to be achieved, and what role peace organizations—the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, let us say—can play in the question.

Mr. Robinson is, in short, an exponent of private enterprise who has been busy revaluating our "fantastic interim"; and all things considered, he has not done badly. For here we have the author of "Private Virtue—Public Gain" approving the cause of the bonus marchers and hailing the New Deal for having come to grips with the economic crisis—at one point he even takes exception to the President for having

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failed to go far enough! He accepts the C. I. O. as the historical agent of the unorganized and unskilled workers, and he upbraids private enterprise—which in his earlier book he defended against what he called "federal socialism"—for having failed to rise to its tasks either during prosperity or depression. He is all out for the war. He condemns the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey for its well-known dealings with I. G. Farbenindustrie, and business in general for having, as he angrily underscores, put its private interests first and our war needs second.

It is interesting to have so earnest a business moralist as the author concerned with the possibilities of another post-war cycle of "normalcy," prosperity, and depression, and to read his anxious recommendations for sound education, economic security for the masses, and private industry run on social lines. Is Mr. Robinson's book symptomatic of a new attitude developing in the circles of formerly rugged individualists? One would like to think so.

LOUIS FILLER

Fiction in Review

TO SAY that Mark Aldanov's "The Fifth Seal" (Charles Scribner's Sons, $3) is one of the most disappointing novels I have read this year is of course not to suggest even an oblique compliment to the novels which failed to disappoint me simply because they never promised anything. Rather, I mean it as a compliment to the fine opening chapters of Mr. Aldanov's book and as profound regret that a novel which starts so handsomely should turn out, finally, to be so much less than successful. For in its first pages, or even on any given page throughout its length, "The Fifth Seal" is stamped with the signs of a first-rank talent: here are the relaxation and discipline of style, the sense of space and air, the energetic eye, the proud intelligence, all the virtues which we associate with novels in the great Continental tradition and miss in contemporary fiction. (Mr. Aldanov, by the way, wrote "The Fifth Seal" in Russian; it is beautifully translated by Nicholas Wreden.) But if Mr. Aldanov's novel has one foot, its stylistic foot, in the great tradition, its other foot is in modern politics—slippery ground for any writer, but especially for a moralist; and Mr. Aldanov is above all a moralist. Indeed, the story of "The Fifth Seal" is all a matter of moral-political problems; or, to put it more precisely, its story is a counterpoint of characters (somewhat à la Jules Romains), and its characters are moral-political symbols. The author is therefore in the position of having to solve modern politics in order to control his plot. It is a bad situation for a novelist to contrive for himself. And since Mr. Aldanov has no political answer, his story is confused and, long before its end, merely dull.

Mr. Aldanov works with two sets of characters, a group of Soviet diplomats and government specialists which includes an ambassador, an Old Bolshevik, an Old Guard general, and a girl interpreter, and a group of Frenchmen which includes a famous writer, a pair of aristocrats, a murderer, and a Socialist lawyer. Because of its treatment of the Soviet contingent, "The Fifth Seal" has been attacked even before publication as anti-Soviet propaganda. Well, if such attacks

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can ever be said to be justified, I suppose there are grounds for this one. Certainly, concerned as he is with political morality, Mr. Aldanov has not spared the Soviet Union. What all the Russian characters have in common is their awful insecurity, and Mr. Aldanov is profoundly critical of a regime that can make fear the dominant factor in the lives even of people who are so many miles away from GPU headquarters. And, a Kerenskyist himself, he is also at some pains to go behind the present regime, if not to destroy the historical and personal picture of Lenin, at least to assign to the father of the Russian Revolution his due responsibility for what has happened in Russia since his death. (Communists, however, can take what comfort they will from Mr. Aldanov's obvious lack of partisanship for Trotsky.) But the important point about "The Fifth Seal" is that it is quite as severe with its Frenchmen as it is with its Russians; indeed, there is no one in this novel, living or dead, whatever his party or country, who really earns its author's approval. It is the price, evidently, that Mr. Aldanov must pay for making political symbols out of people: what begins as political pessimism ends up as misanthropy. "The Fifth Seal" not only deprives us of a hero—that most elementary gratification of fiction—but treats all its characters with an ironic superiority and as if they deserved their fates.

And even misanthropy must be under the author's full control if it is to have stature. But a large part of "The Fifth Seal" reminds one of a collection of stills taken at random from a moving picture, a series of isolated views which may hint at connections and larger significances but never really make or state them. And even where his meaning should be clear, Mr. Aldanov's symbolism is often so weary that I doubt my reading of it. For instance, there are four old men in "The Fifth Seal" who worry about their health; the diseases from which they suffer are heart trouble and high blood pressure, and two of the characters meet at the office of the same doctor—but I can scarcely believe that Mr. Aldanov is using this hackneyed way of saying that Europe is sick and old. Or the dramatic high moment of the novel is the murder committed by Alvera; since Alvera's trial and the Moscow trials seem to take place at approximately the same time, I gather that the whole Alvera motif was introduced in order to complement the Russian political situation—but all Mr. Aldanov seems to be saying, then, is that murder is murder, whether public or private. Or again, when Alvera's Socialist lawyer arrives late at his client's execution and faints, if Mr. Aldanov is saying what I think he is saying—namely, that this is the historical role of the Socialist Party, that it always arrives too late and then collapses before the ensuing mess—what are we to make of the fact that Alvera actually committed the murder and that his execution is the meting out of justice? Nor, just by the way, is the lawyer, who defended Alvera to the best of his ability, in any way responsible for either the execution or the mess! I admit it is a sad way to read a novel, solving it like a puzzle, but here is another result of an author's treating his characters primarily as characters in a parable and only secondarily as human beings.

I could wish, in other words, that Mr. Aldanov had recognized both his intentions and his limitations and written an out-and-out satire. For certainly his clearest and best moments are his moments of satiric play. There is the scene, for example, in which the king of the unnamed country formally receives the accredited representatives of the Soviets at a formal reception, or the whole wonderful episode in which Nadia, the beautiful girl interpreter, decides to write a story and walks the chalkline between ideology and creativity so successfully that she gets hailed as the new Soviet genius. (I believe it is early in Nadia's literary career that she talks to the Russian ambassador about her plot. "Plot against whom?" asks the frightened diplomat.) Out-and-out satire, especially when it is written on the high level of the satiric passages in "The Fifth Seal," is not only an excellent medium for moral criticism but, it seems to me, much better suited to Mr. Aldanov's temperament and political point of view than the kind of novel he has attempted.

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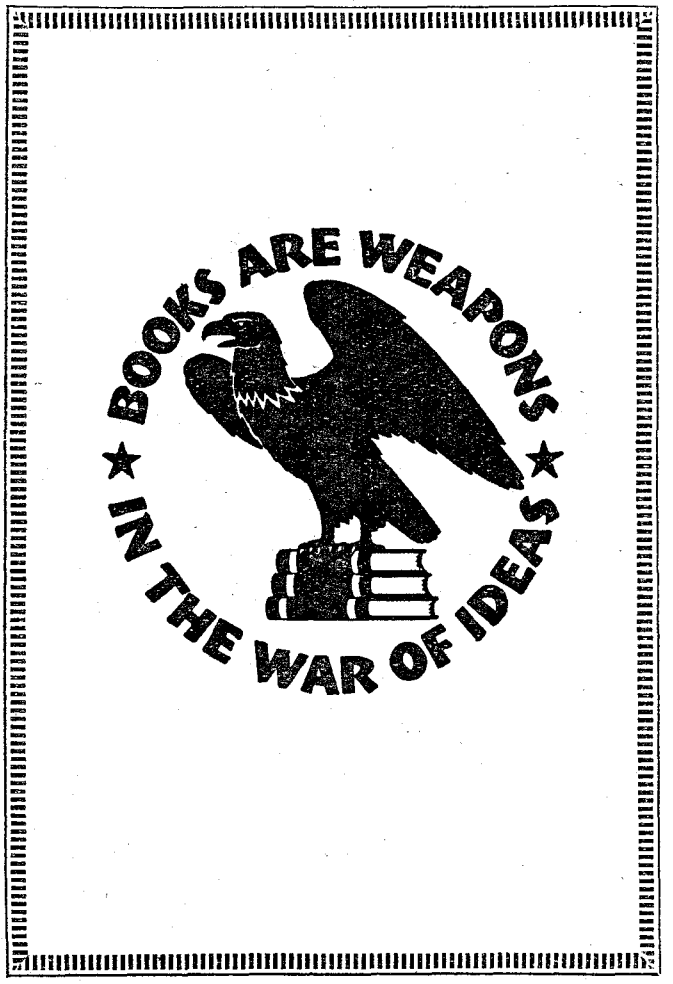

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MUSIC

A LATER performance of "Petrushka" by the Ballet Theater was even more exciting than the first. With the playing of the orchestra more secure, Stravinsky's conducting produced an even more powerful statement of the music; and the stage performance gained enormously from the vitalization and enrichment of the title role by Lazovsky. Together with his brilliance, verve, and style as a dancer Lazovsky has remarkable powers as an actor—the superb comic actor of "Three Virgins and a Devil," the deeply affecting tragic actor of "Petrushka," who achieves what nobody else is able to achieve so well: the sharpened, intensified style of movement which makes the puppet more puppet-like than any other, and its quasi-human emotions more pathetic—but always as the quasi-human emotions of a puppet.

The completed "Romeo and Juliet" strengthened some of the impressions I had got from the first, incomplete performance: Tudor's limited vocabulary makes for repetitiousness; but among the things that are repeated is the beautifully imagined invention for the scenes of the two lovers, marvelously executed by Markova and Laing; and there are interesting new things that Tudor contrives for situations and characters which he has not dealt with before, such as the brawls, and the menace and violence of Tybalt. The work is, I think, a distinguished achievement.

On Columbia's April list is Shostakovitch's Piano Concerto Op. 35, played by Eileen Joyce with the Hallé Orchestra under Leslie Heward (Set 527, $3.68). Looking to see what I had written about this work when it was first played here in 1935-36, I found this gratifyingly perceptive comment: "Shostakovitch possesses great fluency, but in an acrid idiom which lends itself in fast tempo to mockery and grotesquerie and in slow tempo to a distorted lyricism; and these ends are furthered by a technical skill which knows how to produce effects that shock and amuse one with their impudence. The mockery and grotesquerie, the distorted lyricism, the amusing impudence were all prominent in . . . last night's concerto, which turned out to be for the most part arid and unrewarding." At that time I had only as much acquaintance with Shostakovitch's music as warranted this restrained comment; but by now I have heard enough to say with confidence that the concerto is merely another piece of the appalling rubbish that has come in an inexhaustible flow from this composer's mind. The performance in the Columbia set is good, and well recorded except for an overweighting of the bass.

With one superlative performance of Beethoven's First Symphony by Toscanini in the Victor catalogue, and another excellent one by Weingartner in Columbia's own catalogue, there would seem to be no need of recordings of Beethoven's First Symphony; but Columbia offers one made by Rodzinski with the Cleveland Orchestra (Set 535, $4.75). Rodzinski's performance is faster-paced than Toscanini's, and is taut and hard-driving whereas Toscanini's has a relaxed grace and power; but in its taut and hard-driving way it is an effective statement of all but the second movement. It is well recorded, with more spaciousness than Toscanini's but with less brightness, and with the first movement spread over three sides instead of Toscanini's two.

Walton's "Scapino: A Comedy Overture" (11945-D, $1.05) is arid stuff, excellently performed by Stock with the Chicago Symphony; the recorded sound of the performance is brilliant and spacious but not clean. Nelson Eddy's singing of "Rolling in Foaming Billows" and "Now Heaven in Fullest Glory Shone" from Haydn's "Creation" (71450-D, $1.05) I do not recommend.

For its April record classic Columbia has selected what is in fact one of the outstanding sets in its catalogue—the one (300, $7.88) of Mahler's "Lied von der Erde," performed by Bruno Walter with the Vienna Philharmonic, Kerstin Thorborg, and Charles Kullman. Mahler's emotion, his musical language, his processes of thought, his gigantic forms make his works something special in music. A person who would like to acquaint himself with it will find in "Das Lied von der Erde" not only Mahler's fully matured style but a work that is the more easily accessible for being in the form of a song-cycle. And in this Columbia set he will find a superb statement of it that is well recorded except for occasional shrillness.

B. H. HAGGIN

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"Autobiography of a Curmudgeon," by Harold Ickes, reviewed by Eliot Janeway; "Round Trip to Russia," by Walter Graebner, reviewed by John Scott; "Physics and Philosophy," by Sir James Jeans, reviewed by Ernest Nagel; "Art and Freedom," by Horace M. Kallen, reviewed by Eliseo Vivas; "The Machiavellians," by James Burnham, reviewed by Reinhold Niebuhr; "Baudelaire the Critic," by Margaret Gilman, reviewed by Morton Dauwen Zabel.

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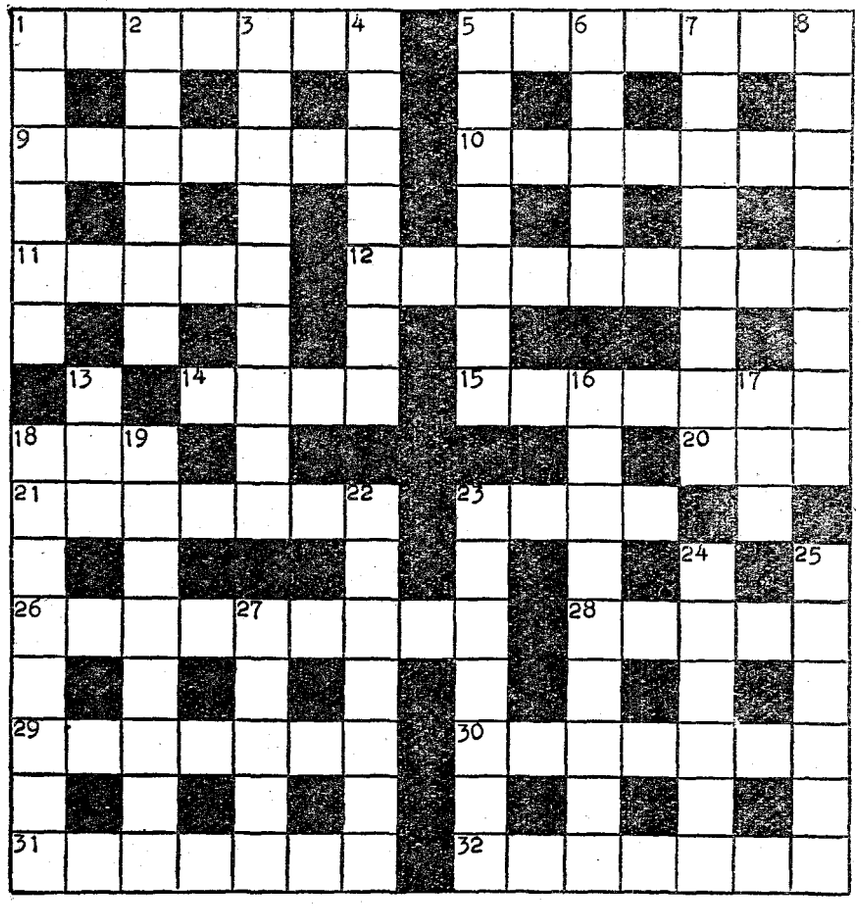
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 10

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 The boy appears to have stolen a letter from his aunt
5 The first syllable is what the second is not!
9 Part of a plant, but the size of the squad is suggested
10 By wearing this the Highlander is assured of cash in advance
11 What's cooking? Perhaps these hold the secret
12 A runaway match — but not on the sports field
14 Winston Churchill once called them "terminological inexactitudes"
15 The little yellow man makes a geometric reference
18 Last stage of lumbago
20 A fairy turns from wickedness
21 Broken English
23 It sounds a stable concern
26 Exit pater (anag.)
28 One of the Brontë sisters
29 Do these prepare children for the ups and downs of later life?
30 There appears to be a little trouble in Japanese currency
31 Is this how a Rotarian moves?
32 Obtains by crafty manipulation, in a manner of speaking

DOWN

1 Not halfway up but halfway down
2 Lightweights at the Zoo
3 There's no question but what a policeman's work is this
4 They let the cat out of the bag
5 A failure on the line
6 Got up like a flower
7 Hardy characters not found in a Hardy novel
8 Small additions — to the family, perhaps (two words, 4 and 4)
13 Exclamation evoked by a hug?
16 European from a wan region
17 It's a pinch!
18 One doesn't mind getting a good rating from him!
19 Simple Susie felt the druggist had gypped her when she found no fly in it
22 Passes, and pleases in a way
23 A tool from the Far West
24 Descriptive sometimes of lightning or slumber
25 They never can tell what they're laughing at
27 Smiling in a train

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 9

ACROSS:—1 COMMERCE; 5 RAIDER; 10 NICKS; 11 OFFENDING; 12 OARSMAN; 13 ERRATUM; 14 SHINER; 15 TREASON; 18 AIRGUNS; 21 TICKET; 24 DECLINE; 26 PIPETTE; 27 ARMY ORDER; 28 TREES; 29 DECAMP; 30 IDOLATER.

DOWN:—1 CANNON; 2 MacARTHUR; 3 EASTMAN; 4 CROONER; 6 AINTREE; 7 DRIFT; 8 REGIMENT; 9 EFFECT; 16 SWEETMEAT; 17 HANDMAID; 19 UNIFORM; 20 STEADY; 21 TAPERED; 22 CAPITAL; 23 LESSER; 25 COMIC.

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